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The Losing Hazard of Egypt

THE new interruption in Anglo-Egyptian talks arises from a hard precise question of principle—are the British to evacuate? Sir Winston Churchill has offered an evacuation of combatant troops, provided the Suez base (£300 million of military stores and equipment) is immediately "re-activated" in the event of war and is maintained, meanwhile, by British technicians, answerable to the British Government. Failing Egyptian agreement to these terms, Sir Winston defends the existing position by citing the 1936 Treaty and claiming the legal right to maintain British troops in Egypt until a substitute treaty, fully satisfactory to British interests, has been negotiated.

This claim, even in its narrowest legal context, is weakened by the fact that there are 80,000 British soldiers stationed in Egypt, compared with the 10,000 permitted under the 1936 treaty. But it is in its wider political context that Sir Winston's defence is seen to be both legalistic and absurd. For, taken literally, his claim to maintain the *status quo* until he is satisfied with a new treaty amounts to a permanent British veto on full Egyptian sovereignty. No nation can properly be said to have unimpaired sovereignty which is compelled, against the passionate and almost unanimous feelings of its people, to submit to an occupation by foreign troops.

To all this, General Neguib's reply is short and cogent. I am ready, he says in effect, to discuss the problems of Middle East defence, and the role Egypt might play in it, when (but not before) the British have agreed with me both the principle and the timing of evacuation. On the maintenance of the base, Neguib's terms were summarised by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd in the Commons:

> First of all, that physical and technical control and direction of the base and of any British equipment and installations left in it were to be Egyptian. Secondly, that any British personnel left behind in the base must be in Egyptian employ, the Egyptians having the right to dismiss them. Thirdly, that instructions to these British men for the handling of British stores and equipment could only be passed to them through the Egyptian Government. Fourthly, the Egyptians should have the sole right to decide, or at least a right of veto on, the use to which our stores and installations should be put.

These words left Conservative backbenchers exclaiming with indignation, as no doubt they were intended to, at the bare thought of Englishmen having to take orders from Egyptians. But could any lesser claim than this be accepted as "fully respecting" — to quote Sir Winston Churchill's words — "Egyptian sovereignty?"

If the British Government persists in its present attitude, there are enough recent parallels in the history of Persia and Palestine to give warning of the consequences. First, the whole Egyptian people will give passionate support to the national liberation army which Neguib will forge out of the cadre of his most determined followers. The British Prime Minister is placing in Neguib's hands a pistol more deadly than President Eisenhower's gift. Secondly, the base would in those conditions be useless; and, short of a massacre of Egyptians and a physical occupation of the whole Nile Delta, the British Army would be unable to maintain itself except in a state of siege behind the barbed wire of Fayid. Thirdly, the very basis of the Western ideological appeal to the world, the claim that we are the champions of the free nations, is destroyed by a policy which reduces Egypt to satellite status, with a greater affront to dignity and sovereignty than is offered to any of the Soviet satellites. That is the price we shall have to pay, unless wiser counsels prevail, for Sir Winston's failure to understand either the strength or the inspiration of anti-colonialism in the modern world.

The difficulties of solving the problems of Egyptian independence and the security of the Middle East are real. There are valid arguments for a British base on the Canal, and particularly for the protection of valuable assets. There is also an arguable case for a joint Middle East Defence plan, in which Egypt should play a full part. An essential prerequisite of any acceptable settlement is that the frontiers between Israel and her neighbours must be secured and guaranteed. None of these problems has any likelihood of solution until Britain

recognises the fact of Egyptian sovereignty. So far, neither the Prime Minister's intention to "await the development of events with composure," nor Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's attempt to whip up anti-Egyptian feeling out of the attacks on British troops that are only to be expected in the circumstances, can conceal the real stumbling-block to a settlement—the continued infringement of Egyptian independence contained in the recent British offer. If we are prepared to remove that, the remaining difficulties will probably prove to be negotiable. If we do not, we have no chance at all of achieving our legitimate objectives in the Middle East; and, in the longer run, we may forfeit our moral position in the whole world.

The Stumbling-block in Korea

How scant is the attention paid in practice by Washington to the British Prime Minister is forcibly illustrated by the past week's sorry doings at Panmunjon. The Communists' proposal on May 7 was that prisoners unwilling to be directly repatriated should be retained in Korea for a period of four months under the jurisdiction of a Five-Power neutral commission; that the nations to which the prisoners belong should have facilities to visit them and "eliminate their apprehensions" about returning home; and that the final disposal of any residue remaining in the custody of the commission after four months should be settled by the political conference contemplated in Article 4 of the Draft Armistice Agreement. This proposal not merely made a large concession to the Americans in accepting their view that the "unwilling" prisoners should not be removed physically to neutral territory; it was also broadly in line with the plan which India formulated last year and which the U.N. General Assembly actually endorsed. It might, therefore, have been supposed that it would be accorded by the U.S. the "patient and sympathetic consideration" which, in Sir Winston Churchill's words, it merited.

But no; the American reaction was from the outset obstructive and hostile. The tactics first adopted by General Harrison at Panmunjon were to put a series of "stalling" questions. Would each member of the neutral commission provide an equal military force for guard purposes? Would any questions of camp policy be subject to a veto by any one of the five? Who would find the money? How would the language problem be solved? Would each camp be controlled jointly by the five or by one nation only? With visibly waning patience General Nam Il answered some of these questions—reasonably, one would say—but complained with justice that the U.S. negotiator was wasting time vexatiously with trivial details which could all be settled if and when the principle was agreed. Thereupon General Harrison, acting presumably on the Pentagon's instructions, remarked brusquely that the Communist plan was "simply unworkable."

There might indeed have been room for argument whether four months represented a needlessly long period for the "elimination of apprehensions"; but it was not on these lines that the Americans appeared to approach the proposal. Observers in Washington derived the impression that the real objection of the State Department was that acceptance of the Communist plan would imply acceptance also of a political conference on the post-armistice future of Korea in which China would be a participant. Suspicions that the influences in Washington which are opposed to any peaceful settlement in the Pacific had got the upper hand were inevitably increased on Wednesday, when the U.S. counter-plan was produced. This proposed that the tenure of the neutral commission should be reduced to two months, and that only Chinese nationals refusing direct repatriation should come within its custody. All North Korean prisoners not desirous of immediate repatriation should be at once released in South Korea, and the same treatment should be accorded to Chinese unwilling to be repatriated at the end of the two-months period.

General Harrison is reported to have remarked to correspondents that the Communists "did not like" this offer. We are not surprised. If it were merely intended as a move in the bargaining process, designed simply to reduce the length of the "neutral supervisory period," then the chances of ultimate agreement need not be regarded as wholly forfeited. But if the Americans mean in fact definitely to reject the basic principle that *all* the unrepatriated prisoners should be held for a period under neutral supervision, then they will be guilty of sabotaging the Armistice. It was never possible for the Communists to accept immediate release of all the North Korean prisoners in South Korea—a step whose result would almost certainly be their forcible recruitment into the South Korean army. So far as principles are concerned, the American attitude suggests that the Geneva Convention cuts no ice in Washington. On the practical question—the imperative need to secure at least a truce in this bloody and unnecessarily prolonged war—the American plan would seem to indicate that less attention is paid in Washington to the British Premier than to Syngman Rhee.

Toughening the Top Brass

President Eisenhower has made a clean sweep of the U.S. Supreme Command, and has given the key positions to men of whom the Republicans thoroughly approve. General Bradley, who has been a sensible and moderating influence in the Pentagon throughout the critical years of the Korean war, and who has been the main opponent of the MacArthurite military, has been replaced by Admiral Radford as chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. The Admiral, who has been commanding the Seventh Fleet in the Pacific, is a brilliant but impatient advocate of the "go-it-alone" school; not long ago he was urging the U.S. to institute its own blockade of China if its allies would not collaborate. His appointment, however, is not likely to please the Air Force, whose appropriations have already been sharply reduced in the Defence budget; for, though he is a staunch believer in air power, he thinks carrier-based aircraft are much to be preferred as an offensive weapon to the long-range formations of the Strategic Air Command. General Ridgway, not a success with his N.A.T.O. colleagues (who prefer his successor, General Gruenther), has gone back to Washington to take General Collins's place as Army Chief of Staff—another example of the pugnacious field commander, greatly admired by Congress, replacing a cautious "Democratic" General. Admiral Carney, who has been in charge of the N.A.T.O. fleet in the Mediterranean, and who more or less shares Admiral Radford's strategic outlook and his dislike of "containment," moves up to Chief of Naval Operations. These are disturbing appointments, which greatly strengthen the influence of the "tough" military at the expense of those who put inter-Allied co-operation before pugnacity and independent decision.

Racket-Busting in Viet Nam

In suddenly devaluing the Indo-Chinese piastre by 41 per cent—from 17 to 10 francs—M. Mayer forestalled a great many questions on the vast illegal traffic in piastres and cleared his decks for more dollars. The Americans, who gave France £21,400,000 in "special aid" during the recent North Atlantic Pact meetings in Paris, told the French that this traffic in piastres must stop: the French Treasury was losing by it just about as much as the American Treasury had been contributing to France, and costs to the U.S. in Indo-China were about double what they should be. Those piastre transactions had, in short, become a bottomless pit of corruption affecting every branch of the French colonial and military service. Ministers were involved, and Viet Nam's whole economy, public and private, rested on this artificial rate of the piastre. Many Frenchmen were in Indo-China because they could buy francs cheaply and send them home. The traffic was not only used to supplement the pay of French soldiers, it was an inducement to them to volunteer for service in this colonial war. This racket was well known in France, where papers such as *l'Observateur* have recently attacked it, while this journal lately described it in detail. But it took the Viet-Minh success in Laos, coupled with France's desperate need for more dollars and the urgency of making economies, to induce M. Mayer to make this belated devaluation. And he has to make far-reaching emergency measures to meet, in Viet Nam, the situation created by tackling the scandal of the piastres.

Election Trends

The only decisive defeats in the local elections last week were those suffered by the Communists and the Liberals. The two big parties could, each in its own way, be content with the results. Labour regained a good number of the seats it lost three years ago in the provinces and four years ago in the London boroughs. In the North it did surprisingly well, recapturing control in Leeds and Manchester, and winning, for the first time, a majority of the seats in Liverpool. In the Midlands, where wage levels are higher and the benefits of Mr. Butler's income-tax concessions correspondingly more widespread, its successes were much more moderate. Over the country as a whole the results show that the Tory hopes of breaking into the hard core of Labour supporters were vain. On the other hand, the Conservatives can legitimately claim that they have fully recovered from the

reverse they suffered in last year's elections, when their share of the total poll slumped.

Tory optimism will clearly be increased by the result of the Sunderland bye-election, where Liberal intervention probably had little effect. If the percentage swing to the Right in this constituency were typical, the Tories could rely on a hundred majority at a General Election. On the other hand, Labour had done badly in the municipal voting in Sunderland and the Parliamentary poll was low—indicative of *local* Labour apathy.

Judgment on Longbridge

Technically, the court of inquiry into the Austin dispute has found for the management. Mr. McHugh, whose dismissal for redundancy was the first cause of the strike, was not victimised, in the court's view; the district organiser of the Vehicle Builders did, in fact, seek "preferential treatment" for Mr. McHugh as a shop steward; and the strike was not called in accordance with the rules of the union. The Austin management, no doubt, will find justification for its attitude in these findings; and, since the dispute has already ended in its favour, will consider the matter finally closed. But the real comment on the dispute is to be found in the court's strictures on both management and union for their "regrettable attitude." It is more than ever clear that both sides were prepared for a showdown—that Austin's were ready to run the risk of a serious stoppage rather than re-employ Mr. McHugh, and that the Vehicle Builders were at first no more anxious to reach a compromise. The fact that a specific ruling against Mr. McHugh's re-engagement was given on September 9, but never revealed to the union throughout the long negotiations until it was disclosed at the official inquiry, was bound, the court says, "to engender suspicion, and cannot improve industrial relations at the company's works." The crux of the matter is that labour-management relations at Longbridge are bad. Is the company anxious to improve them? It is not tempering its formal triumph with magnanimity.

Losses in the Colonies

The Colonial Development Corporation, presided over by Lord Reith, records a further heavy loss in its report issued this week. Few gloomier documents can have been published to record the fortunes of a continuing enterprise. The Corporation has indeed some profitable ventures under its control—notably in Malaya. But its major plans of agricultural development and land settlement have been almost uniformly unfortunate; and it is still busy writing off failures and trying to economise on overheads rather than planning new ventures. What new business it is taking on consists mainly of safe investments in colonial government projects of types that are either outside or on the very borderline of its intended scope. Lord Reith evidently thinks that the Corporation ought to be given some specially earmarked funds which it could invest in desirable, but clearly unprofitable projects; but this has been rejected by the Government on the ground that such matters fall within the scope of the quite distinct Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, whereas the Corporation was set up to operate on a strictly commercial basis. It is indeed clear that the two types of project cannot easily be administered without confusion by a single body, and that the Corporation, with an accumulating deficit that now exceeds £8 millions, is most unlikely to be able to do more than cut its losses and relapse into a quite unimportant subsidising source of funds for the less adventurous projects of colonial development. Some day, it may be possible to make a new start under more favourable conditions; but it may well be doubted whether a centrally organised Corporation operating projects widely scattered about the world will ever prove a commercial success.

NAIROBI

Terror and Counter-terror

A Special Correspondent in Kenya cables from Nairobi: Evidence is accumulating here that the activities of the Kenya voluntary police levies in dealing with Mau Mau terrorism are themselves deteriorating into indiscriminate terror. The handful of affidavits that have been sent to England, alleging brutality by Security forces, are only a fraction of the total of such affidavits now available here; and many Africans, finding courage, come forward with grim allegations. Whether or not the Kenya Government's expulsion of Peter Evans is caused by his collected evidence alleging double murder by a European officer, there is little doubt that most people here will think it is.

The case is extremely important. It is one of about thirty cases of alleged police violence which Africans asked Evans to investigate, and has been used by Evans as a test of the value of such affidavits. Five main witnesses of the alleged double murder are now being examined at Evans's request by the Nairobi police. They include two Africans who say they escaped from a car from which two other Africans were taken and shot by a European officer. That Evans was asked to leave at a time when the Kenya police were conducting a full-dress examination of these witnesses must obviously carry grave implications. "In withdrawing my permit to remain in the Colony," Evans commented, "the Administration effectively prevented further investigation and I can only conclude that this was their intention."

Evans himself appears to have no political axe to grind. He is a bearded Irishman in the early forties, with lots of courage and strong conviction of being in the right. He seems to have lost neither his sense of humour nor his sense of proportion. If the Kenya Government hopes to achieve one more eviction of an inconvenient White without more than a token protest by the evicted, it seems at last to have picked the wrong man. The only thing known against Evans is that once he worked for *The Times*. The eviction of such a man at such a time on a mere technicality could only be done, perhaps, in a White settlers' colony, where reason and good sense seem fast to be giving place to hysteria.

It may indeed be feared that many Africans have been shot down by Security forces in the last few weeks in circumstances not differing from murder. There is no ground for suspecting that the regular police or troops have been involved in this; but there have been many allegations implicating irregular Security forces, both White and African. The European side consists of the settler volunteers organised in the Kenya Police Reserve and the Kenya Regiment. These bodies are both nominally under the control of General Hinde, but it remains to be seen whether this control has real influence on them. These settlers are said to have a tendency to treat all Africans, except a handful of stooges, as Mau Mau men; and they do more or less what they like within the wide region of their responsibilities. For the time being, they seem frankly out for blood. In the Reserves, meanwhile, African Security guards are said to be meeting the Mau Mau threat with ruthless cruelty, with apparently goes unchecked.

WASHINGTON

Aid, Trade and Defence

A Correspondent writes: In good Republican tradition, President Eisenhower sees himself as the Chief Executive: though he may propose, he must dispose substantially as Congress in its legislative wisdom dictates. There are certainly no signs that he is yet prepared to wage a serious battle against the low-tax high-tariff group in Congress; on the contrary, it seems that the Administration will be well satisfied if, for the next year, it can prevent any drastic cuts in tax revenue and the imposition of any further import restrictions.

The President's declared aim is to reduce foreign aid, stimulate imports from dollar debtors, and find a level of Defence spending that will balance the needs of security and economic stability. It is clear, however, that none of these purposes can be achieved as part of a coherent programme if the Administration is content merely to tell Congress what it wants and then sit back and hope for the best. Mr. Truman told Congress that it should allocate $7.6 billions for foreign aid this year. Mr. Eisenhower has cut this to $5.8 billions, and has reduced Europe's share of the total sum while increasing the proportion of it destined for the Far East. It is going to be difficult to wring this sum out of Congress—which cut $1.9 billions from Mr. Truman's request last year—but, as the reception given to the Simpson Bill indicates, this may still be easier than persuading Congress to liberalise U.S. trade.

Last week, Mr. Dulles told Congress that if only it would renew the Reciprocal Trade Agreements for a year the Administration would undertake not to introduce any new agreements under the Act. Such pleading is a measure of the Administration's weakness on this matter. Even if some of the most objectionable clauses are deleted from the Simpson Bill—which is so restrictive that the *N.Y. Herald-Tribune* this week called for its rejection "lock, stock and barrel"—the most that can be hoped for in face of such timidity is that trade barriers will not be greatly raised this year.

The President seems almost as willing to let the economy-minded men in Congress call the tune on Defence spending. This is in sharp contrast to Mr. Truman's annual use of war scares to whip up the votes for soaring arms budgets. Mr. Eisenhower is cutting back both the pace and the total amount of rearmament, and in particular scaling down the Air Force appropriation. It looks, indeed, as if he were genuinely trying to strike the "defensive posture" he talked about during the election campaign. His Defence budget marks the total abandonment of the "year of crisis" theory—a view supported by his repudiation at a recent press conference of the old Chiefs of Staff theory that the U.S. must be ready to meet a Soviet attack in 1954. The total cost of arms remains staggering; but now that the President has reversed the Truman habit of asking for more every year, Congress will not be slow to take the hint. Reduced arms spending may in the long run create serious economic problems: for the moment, however, the scarecrow of a distant depression is not likely to frighten off Congressmen attracted by the ripe and juicy plums of tax remission.

Peace Goes Respectable

WHATEVER its effects in Washington, Paris and Moscow, there is no question that the Prime Minister's speech last Monday transformed the political climate in this country. Ever since General MacArthur's disastrous advance to the Yalu River, criticism of American policy has been steadily rising; and, particularly inside the Labour movement, it has been combined with a demand for an independent British peace initiative. But, until Sir Winston rose to speak in the Commons, this powerful movement of public opinion was thoroughly unrespectable. A handful of unpopular Left-wing M.P.s and a few newspapers—including this journal—have issued their warnings against the growing power of Senator McCarthy and dared to prophesy that Mr. Eisenhower would find himself a prisoner, whatever his good intentions, when he entered the White House. But whenever they did so, they were rebuked for anti-Americanism, not merely by the Government but by official Opposition spokesmen who shared the view that Britain could not afford to challenge American policies even when demonstrably wrong.

In the course of one afternoon all these inhibitions were dramatically removed. On the desirability of high-level talks at once, on the obstructiveness of General Harrison in Korea, and the American urge to liberate Eastern Europe—on all these controversial issues the Prime Minister stated a view by no means in conformity with that of the White House. Next day Mr. Attlee went even further. Speaking with his usual studied lack of emphasis, which makes the most startling new idea sound a sensible commonplace, he welcomed an independent British effort to break the Russian-American deadlock; read the Americans a lecture on the inadequacy of their Constitution, and added that he sometimes wondered "which is more powerful, the President or Senator McCarthy." The Bevanites who followed Sir Winston and Mr. Attlee in the debate could only echo their sentiments. Not only had the Bevanite clothes been stolen, they had been miraculously transformed into conventional morning dress.

American Congressmen are already talking darkly of a surrender by Sir Winston to irresponsible Left-wing pressure. Such allegations arise from a misunderstanding of the working of British democracy. In this country new ideas are always eccentric when they first are voiced. If they stand the test of time, they move towards the centre of politics and, in doing so, become respectable. In this case, the Left-wing analysis of the American scene, which sounded so extremist when it was first made, has been confirmed by event after event in the economic as well as in the political field. The patent weakness of Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles, and their inability to respond adequately either to the new Chinese proposals to an armistice in Korea or to the evident Russian desire for a *détente*, was the final piece of evidence required to convince Sir Winston and Mr. Attlee that a British initiative was necessary.

It is well known that Sir Winston himself has long desired to use his unrivalled position as the last survivor of the Big Three in order to achieve informal talks at the highest level. Last Christmas he privately informed Mr. Eisenhower of this desire and was given a dusty answer. Now, despite the known displeasure of the White House, he has made these talks the prime object of British policy. If they take place as the result of his mediation—and if Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Malenkov are softened by informal personal contact—Sir Winston will be able to claim with reason that Britain still counts in the councils of the nations.

So far so good. But what are the prospects that this bold initiative will achieve success? We must admit that a careful reading of Sir Winston's speech arouses serious misgivings. A Korean armistice can only lead to a *détente* between the U.S. and the Chinese People's Republic if the blockade of the China coast is stopped, if the Peking Government is granted its place on the Security Council, and if the French attempts, with the aid of American dollars, to stifle the independence movement in Indo-China are called off. On all these issues, whereas Mr. Attlee was commendably precise in defining what British policy should be, the Prime Minister was mum. His difficulty is clear enough. So long as he and his colleagues in the Cabinet continue their High Tory policy in Egypt, Kenya and Central Africa, they will be unable to oppose French colonialism in Indo-China or to act as mediators between the Americans and the Chinese Communists.

When he turned to Europe, the Prime Minister was a good deal less reticent but correspondingly more confused. It was a clever move to counter Mr. Dulles's crusade to liberate Eastern Europe by a reference to Locarno. Even if very few of the Premier's younger hearers remember the 1920s sufficiently clearly to appreciate the significance of Locarno, the world will certainly read much into Sir Winston's speech. Britain and America, the Prime Minister suggests, should offer a double guarantee. If the two zones of Germany are united under a Peace Treaty, the new Germany must be guaranteed against aggression from the East. But simultaneously the Russians must be assured that the Oder-Neisse line is a final frontier; and this assurance could take the form of an Anglo-American guarantee against any German attempt to recapture the lost provinces.

This idea has distinct possibilities. But Sir Winston considerably reduced them by another passage of his speech in which he compared Dr. Adenauer with Bismarck and assured him that the British Government is resolutely determined to go ahead with German rearmament and the European Defence Community. This assurance makes nonsense of the Locarno spirit. The Russian price for permitting German unification is bound to be a postponement of German rearmament, which the Second Bismarck and his American backers will fanatically oppose. The Premier cannot have it both ways; and, as long as he tries to do so, the chances of a British initiative leading to any relaxation of the cold war in Europe will be very remote.

The fact is that the high-level talks which we all desire will merely demonstrate the incompatibility of Russian and American aims unless Britain can point to a practicable *via media*. No doubt this is just what Sir Winston intends to do. But at present, to judge from the text of his speech, and from the Foreign Office glosses put on it by Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and Mr. Nutting in the course of the debate, his good intentions are not backed by any clear understanding of the terrain across which this *via media* must run. As the man who liberated India and recognised China, Mr. Attlee has greater understanding of what is required. What Britain really needs, if this initiative is to succeed, is a Labour Government interpreted and made respectable before the world by Sir Winston. But since this is an impossibility, we can only hope that, in the new spirit which now pervades the Commons, Sir Winston will be ready to shock his followers by borrowing even more Socialist ideas in order to prove himself a peacemaker.

Wage Claims and Anomalies

DURING the first three months of the present year, wage advances were running at a pace well below last year's. The advances recorded by the Ministry of Labour add up, for the quarter, to about £865,000 a week, as against a quarterly average of £1,107,000 in 1952. So far, in 1953, only building workers, miners, and clothing workers have received substantial advances, whereas last year something was conceded in most of the leading industries, although the total increases recorded were a long way below those of 1951. Now, it appears, a new, widespread movement is beginning, with the distributive and agricultural workers joined in the field by the engineers and shipbuilders. The Budget hardly caused these claims; but it has certainly strengthened the feeling among trade unionists in favour of pressing them, whatever doubts some of their leaders may entertain, and however loudly employers may urge them not to jeopardise the export drive by raising production costs.

At the end of 1952, rates of wages for all classes of workers were on the average about a third higher than in July, 1947, which is the starting date for current official computations. Over the same period, the official index of retail prices had risen by 38 per cent, leaving wage-rates 4 points behind. For actual earnings there are no figures later than October 1952; but at that date average weekly earnings were up by about 47 per cent on October 1947; and there is no reason to suppose that the relation between wage-rates and weekly earnings has changed appreciably during the past six months. Retail prices went up by 2 per cent during the first quarter of 1953, and have since been rising further for certain necessary goods. This is the background of fact against which the new wage demands have to be considered. On the average, over the past six years, employed workers have fared much better than pensioners, and recipients of other fixed incomes, whose position has got worse. But the rise in wage-rates has barely kept pace with the increasing cost of living; and the improvement in earnings has been very unevenly distributed both between occupations and among workers in the same occupations in different establishments, so as to leave many time-workers and not a few of the highly skilled a long way behind. There are accordingly large discontents; and trade union leaders, even had

they wished, could not have set themselves against the new demands without losing the confidence of the workers they represent.

Now that compulsory arbitration is no longer in force, it is open to the trade unions, if they so decide, to press their claims in the last resort by strike action, should the main bodies of employers refuse adequate concessions. There is, however, at present no indication that this is likely to occur. It is true that the engineering employers showed great reluctance to make any advance on the last occasion, and they are already making premonitory noises which appear to indicate their intention of rejecting any further claim. But even if the engineers' demands are rejected by the Employers' Federation, that may not mean strike action ; for it will again be a question for the unions whether to propose arbitration or not. If they do, the employers, or some of them, are in a position to refuse ; and such refusal would probably mean a strike. It is, however, more likely that in the end the employers would be pressed into accepting arbitration, were the unions to offer it ; and in that event the decision would be thrown over to the arbitrators—presumably, in the case of the engineers, to the Industrial Disputes Tribunal.

On what principle, if any, would this body be moved to act? Mr. Butler, in his Budget, has undoubtedly authorised an expectation of higher consumers' supplies, and has made tax concessions which will benefit especially the better-off consumers. It is natural for the workers—and particularly for the worse-paid, who get little or nothing out of the lower rate of income tax—to see in this a good case for being allowed to claim their share in the form of higher money wages. How else can they get it, with living costs tending to rise rather than fall? The argument that any further rise in production costs is liable to react on exports and on the balance of payments will hardly cut much ice in face of the optimistic assumptions on which Mr. Butler has done his budgeting. If Mr. Butler can offer concessions to capitalists, it will be said, he must be in a position to offer them to workers as well, and to low-paid workers in particular. In effect, the Chancellor cannot have it both ways : he cannot both make optimistic noises in order to justify concessions to industrialists, and expect to be taken at his face value if he then tries to stand in the way of concessions to the wage-earners. This remains politically valid even if he can contend that his concessions to industry are in the nature of incentives, whereas higher wage-rates are unlikely to have any incentive effects.

The whole position is, of course, seriously complicated by the admitted mess into which, in a number of industries, the existing wage structure has degenerated. Both miners and engineers have been engaged for some time past in considering a fundamental revision of the wage-structure ; and the miners, with only one employer to deal with, are said to have made considerable progress towards working out a new system. The engineering industry, on the other hand, with its multiplicity of trades, employers and trade unions, appears to be making no progress at all. To a growing extent, each big establishment tends to become a law unto itself, with earnings depending much less on nominal wage-rates than on immensely complicated arrangements for special bonuses. Even as between the main branches of engineering there are very big differences in average earnings for all the workers employed ; and even these differences are overshadowed by the variations within and between particular engineering establishments.

Everyone knows that the wage-structure in many industries needs thorough overhauling. But employers are well aware that it is much more difficult to take away than to give, and that in practice a new structure would almost certainly involve a higher total of money payments unless it could be brought in at a time of serious depression which left the workers too weak to resist a worsening of conditions. For this reason, ever since 1945, the question of a reformed wage-structure has been talked about, but action has been deferred. Nor are the trade unions altogether united about it ; for the unions which represent the less-skilled workers would like to make the revision an opportunity for the admission of their members to jobs carrying superior status and pay, whereas the skilled workers would resist changes which threatened to reduce the number of jobs reserved for them. The difficulties are not insoluble : but they can hardly be solved (except in the course of a major depression) without a substantial addition to the total wages bill.

Accordingly, the question arises whether, in occupations or industries in which the present wage-structure is particularly chaotic, anything can be done this year to link wage-concessions to structural revisions of the system of wage-payment. Some attempts to do this have been made before ; but nothing has come of them, and it would be futile to try again unless substantial concessions in terms of total wages were being made. It might, however, be well worth while to do this in order to end a situation in which the wage-packet often bears hardly any relation to skill or effort ; for such a situation destroys all sense of fairness and acts as an incitement to everyone who feels himself unfairly treated to press for one general advance after another regardless of the economic effects.

G. D. H. Cole

London Diary

Sir Winston Churchill is really an extraordinary old gentleman. He is no longer quick of hearing and is apt to get off the beam; he forgets the names of potentates in the middle of a speech about them; he coughs and wheezes until one wonders whether he will, in fact, be able to remain Foreign Secretary as well as Premier. And then he makes a speech that knocks everyone flat. How fully he had worked out his Locarno proposal I don't know. My own impression was that in Mr. Eden's absence he felt he would really "have a go." When the mice are away the cat can play. The speech cut across all party lines. The unhappy Tories had to hear the Prime Minister say things that, in anyone else's mouth, they would have been denounced as anti-American and pro-Soviet, as anti-Arab and pro-Jewish; they could not even point out his gaff in comparing their favourite Adenauer with Bismarck—a parallel suggesting that Germany will be unified by a series of wars at the expense of France and the West, with a "reinsurance treaty" with Russia to follow! In his own way, Mr. Attlee was almost as remarkable. His distinction, however, depends on his capacity for the undramatic, for contradicting his own past in so flat and commonplace a manner that his hearers scarcely realise what is happening. Of him it may be truly said that there is nothing from which he does not strip the adornment. If some of Sir Winston's supporters were embarrassed by the cheers he evoked from Labour, what of those conventional Labour sycophants who, until Mr. Attlee spoke, had been denouncing as Communism or Bevanism any suggestion of a meeting with the Russians, any postponement of Western German militarisation, and any criticism of America?

Mr. W. Hayter's diplomatic jump from No. Two in Paris to Ambassador in Moscow is a good example of Churchillian unexpectedness. Mr. Hayter belongs to the remarkable generation of Wykehamists which includes Hugh Gaitskell, Kenneth Younger, Douglas Jay, R. H. S. Crossman (Socialists), Colin Clark (one of the few Catholics who can be regarded as a serious economist) and William Empson (critic, poet, and Sinologue). On the other hand there is no surprise in the appointment of Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick as Sir William Strang's successor. He is a Catholic, and a Machiavellian character who adapts himself to the times and the job. Mr. R. Heatlie Scott's appointment to Washington is excellent. He had a remarkable war record. As head of British Information in Hong Kong, he was, of course, treated as a spy by the Japanese, who tortured him without intermission for a couple of years. He was released at the end of the war; physically he was reduced to half his normal weight. Restored to health, he went to the South-east Asian department of the Foreign Office, and took charge of the Far East when Mr. Denning went to Tokio. He has worked with two British Governments which have rightly insisted on recognising the facts in the Far East, even if it annoyed MacArthur, McCormick, McCarran, McCarthy, and all the other Macs in America. He will no doubt have the opportunity of continuing the argument in Washington.

* * *

The break-up of the Gaullist organisation in France reminds me, oddly enough, of an old conversation with Madame Tabouis. I had known her, of course, in the days of the Churchill Grand Alliance (sometimes called the Popular Front) when her inside information was such that people used to speculate whether she had spent the night before under Hitler's or Stalin's bed. There was even a memorable occasion when I took the chair for her, and she began her speech by referring to our recent meeting in Paris, when, she said, I had been negotiating a financial agreement on behalf of Britain. I was somewhat slow in realising that she had been misled by a superficial resemblance between her chairman's name and that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Sir Kingsley Wood. No such error occurred when we met in the train between Chicago and New York on our way home from the San Francisco Conference in 1945. She spoke of the plight of France, saying that the days of *gloire* were over; France must maintain her world influence by her cultural ascendancy. We discussed whether *esprit* could survive without *gloire*. The certainty was that France would lose everything if she followed General de Gaulle in attempting to retain *gloire*. Unhappily, that is just what the French did in Indo-China when they refused to make terms with Ho Chi Minh. The result has done all too much to justify General Smuts's much resented prophecy in 1940. There are idiots who attribute France's confusion to Communism. In fact, Communists form the largest party because Frenchmen see no useful purpose in winning one war against the Kaiser only to rebuild an even worse Germany under Hitler, and then, when Hitler is defeated, in once again building a Nationalist Germany as part of a new organisation in which the role of France would be to become an American bomber base.

* * *

It is more than three years since the School of Slavonic Studies decided not to renew Andrew Rothstein's appointment as a lecturer, and so gave rise to the charge that he had been "purged" for his Communist views. The facts were confused, but the critics failed to secure

Rothstein's reappointment, although they tried to take the dispute to the courts. At that time I suggested that we had not heard the end of the case. This week, after several unsuccessful attempts to raise the issue, it came before the Convocation of London University. After a three-hour debate, Convocation passed, by 128 votes to 60, a motion asking the University Senate to arrange a "full and independent inquiry." No doubt, Communist graduates were there in force. But I suspect that Senator McCarthy was most responsible for the vote. Many who had no sympathy for Rothstein voted for an inquiry rather than allow London to be tainted with the McCarthy brush.

* * *

I wonder whether Mr. Cohn and Mr. Schine took home with them a subversive pamphlet which came in my mail this week. On its pale-blue cover there is a globe and the title *For Peace and Plenty*. Inside there are photographs of Soviet and American soldiers shaking hands on the Elbe, of British, U.S. and Russian statesmen sitting amiably together in the U.N., and of combine harvesters seen in contrast with the ruins of Hiroshima. Some new brochure from the Partisans of Peace? But there was no Picasso dove. Some speech by Harry Pollitt? But the address was Grosvenor Square, not King Street. It is, in fact, a reprint of Mr. Eisenhower's recent address. American propagandists, now directed by C. D. Jackson of *Time* and *Life*, have at last decided to steal the Communists' dove while they are flying their kites.

* * *

Attempts to start international Socialist journals have so far been even less successful than attempts to create an international Socialist organisation. But I am impressed with the appearance of an independent review called *La Tribune des Peuples* started by enterprising Socialists in France and Britain. For the time it is to appear in French every two months. Its sponsors hope before long to publish it monthly and in English as well. Its contributors include a powerful British team, and one of its notable contributions is by Professor G. D. H. Cole, who writes on the price that Britain must pay to be independent. The journal is being distributed in this country by the Turnstile Press and the second number will, I hear, be available this month. The Fabians are also making an effort to produce a serious paper on foreign affairs; their international review is edited by Kenneth Younger. This is a more modest project, but it aims at reaching a public outside the Fabians, and its quality suggests that it may succeed.

* * *

Vicky spent most of his recent visit to Russia sketching girls shopping in Moscow, old peasants in Georgia, or children singing the praises of Stalin and Peace. His book, *Meet the Russians* (Reinhardt, 10s. 6d.) also contains a few written comments. I was interested in his remarks about Soviet art (which is pure didactic Victorian), and, in particular, the art of the cartoonist in Russia. He told a group of Soviet artists that often in Britain "a Cabinet Minister asks for the original of the cartoon attacking him." A Soviet cartoonist replied that in Russia "there was no reason to attack the Government," and that when he did attack, for instance, the director of a factory which was turning out shoddy goods, this director was sacked two days later. Did Vicky think this man would ask for the original of the cartoon? In other words, in Russia the cartoonist is out for blood, while in Britain he is merely a jester. Another way of putting the point is to say that here we have long reached that stage of bourgeois tolerance when the cartoonist, in attacking a Cabinet Minister, only seeks, at worst, to hasten the departure of the Government so that he will have a chance to caricature another Ministry instead.

CRITIC

ENGLAND'S CHAMPION

The hereditary champion of England, a member of the Dymoke family, used to appear fully armed at Coronations, ready to challenge Pretenders to mortal combat. He still attends, unarmed.—*News Item.*

The Champion of England who guarded the Throne
From impudent claimants and Stuart Pretenders,
To-day in the knightly entourage alone
His title retains but no services renders.

The Great Sword of State is no ornament vain,
The Signet that signifies State orthodoxy
Traditional puissance and virtue retain,
Entrusted to Primate or Government proxy.

The Great Sword of State from its scabbard may fly,
Confounding wrongdoers of every description
Sir Winston has, so to speak, brandished it high
To chasten aggressors and smite the Egyptian.

The Rod with the Dove, which the forfeited life
Redeems by the princely prerogative, mercy,
Is grasped, as it were, by Sir D. Maxwell Fyfe,
and lent to Lord Goddard without controversy.

The mystical bond between subject and Crown,
The richly symbolical armill or bangle,
To Lyttelton is, as by right, handed down
And Colonies hear the links dismally jangle.

The Champion of England will be standing by
When Britain's Great Officers pass to their station,
But since he no longer gives traitors the lie,
The Knight of the Sovereign has no occupation.

But might he not speak up for England perchance
As they usher ex-enemies into the Abbey,
Or else for the loyal Maltese break a lance,
Whose treatment has been most uncommonly shabby?

Without picking quarrels with Covenant Scots
Who challenge the title but not the accession,
Could he not denounce certain Commonwealth blots
Whose presence disgraces the royal procession?

If not, though all present a Dymoke may see
Between the massed Peerage and choirs angelic,
The Champion of England will certainly be
Not even a symbol, but merely a relic.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

In legal circles his speech is taken to imply that there is no objection to barristers and solicitors meeting on equal social terms and maintaining friendships with each other.—*Daily Telegraph.* (G. T. Griffiths.)

I did not put my dustbin out on Monday night owing to the wife not being able to lift it.—*Letter quoted in "Public Service."* (L. Cobb.)

A green van loaded with burglar alarms is being sought by London police. It was stolen from the offices of a firm in Carnaby Street, Piccadilly, early yesterday.—*Daily Telegraph.* (Josephine Read.)

CHELSEA. A luxuriously modernised LOW-BUILT PERIOD HOUSE for a gentleman of taste whose appearance and furniture would blend with the superb decor.—*Observer.* (J. M. Hoare.)

British Commonwealth Division troops will fire red, white and blue smoke bombs and set off a fireworks display at the 38th Parallel to celebrate the Coronation.—*Evening Standard.* (X. Y. Z.)

Six hundred Dartmoor convicts can have their dentures repaired if they break them while trying to escape after all. And at State cost.—*Daily Express.* (E. Cromey.)

Farm Efficiency

WITH meat, bacon, butter, fats and cheese still rationed, and Britain struggling for survival in a world which is apt to demand servitude as the price of nourishment, few people will question the paramount need of a huge increase in U.K. food production. It is arguable, however, whether the combination of exortation and threats, so often directed at the farmer, achieves the practical result of making him grow more food. There is, in fact, too much criticism of the men who farm and too little of the methods they employ. A good deal of evidence, for instance, exists that Britain is still under-farmed. If it be objected that farm output has increased hugely since 1938, the answer still is that we have no standards of work by which to compare the 1930s with the 1950s. On the other hand, we do know that the increase in home food production has been influenced by more land under the plough, better seeds and fertilisers, better rationing of livestock and more farm labourers.

If you use profit or production as a scale against which to measure work, some interesting facts come to light. A study done on the financial results of 348 Northern Ireland farms for 1948-9 showed that the most productive farms in Ulster turned out *over five times* as much produce per acre as the least productive. As regards profit per acre, the figures are even more staggering, for the most productive farms made *twenty times* as much money per acre as the least productive. In a broadcast on March 6, 1950, J. L. McWhinney, a Northern Ireland Ministry of Agriculture costings expert, made the statement that some Ulster farms produce 100 gallons of milk for an expenditure of 15 hours' work; others take 36 hours to produce the same quantity of milk. Put it another way: in some cases one man is kept fully employed tending 10 cows; in others one man can look after 24 cows.

The wide variation in profit and production (and by implication in effective work) between farm and farm has been noted for some years not only here but in America too. For example, in 1938, Mosher and Case, after studying 1,000 farms in North-central Illinois, declared:

> Differences of as much as $1,000 to $3,000 a year in the net incomes of comparable farms in the same community in Illinois are not unusual. . . . Obviously such differences are due largely to differences in the organisation of the farms and in the practices used in their operation.

If we still use profit and production as a rough indication of work being done, how do British and American farmers compare in industriousness? According to the evidence of two different sources, output per man on American farms is far greater than in Britain. Dr. A. W. Menzies-Kitchen of Cambridge University went to America in 1949, and in his book *Labour Use in Agriculture* (1951) he compared two localities which are alike in cropping and organisation, North Indiana and the Eastern counties of England. He concluded that output per man in Indiana is between three and four times greater than in the analogous English area. In 1948, gross output per man on the North Indiana farms was £2,499, compared to £803 in our Eastern counties; on large American farms one man handled 272 acres of harvested crops, compared with one man to 33 acres on very large farms, and one man to 29 acres on large farms, in East Anglia.

The British Productivity Team which visited U.S. farms and published its report last year noted that, on the basis of Michigan State University estimates, one hour of American labour spent on pig rearing and feeding is nearly twice as effective as one similarly expended here. The

conclusions of both Menzies-Kitchen and the Productivity Team point the same way. The team says farmers in Britain "should carefully examine their present practices and methods, and all operations that are not found necessary or do not contribute to the sum total of production should be rigidly eliminated"; while Dr. Menzies-Kitchen believes that American technical and organisational practices could be employed in Britain with a resulting increase in labour output.

Many people still assert that a main cause of variation in output from farm to farm is the degree of mechanisation. I doubt it. Research has shown that the bringing of machinery on to a farm may be a mixed blessing. In England and Wales, combine harvesters have risen in numbers from under 1,000 to over 10,000 between 1942-51; combine drills have risen from 7,000 to 24,000; milking machines from 30,000 to 69,000. The number of farm tractors used in Britain has increased from 55,000 in 1939 to over 300,000 in 1950. And yet studies made at both Oxford and Cambridge, comparing the present with pre-war, show that there has been a *decline* of about 7 per cent. in the amount of work done per man employed in farming.

Two other studies emphasise the economic ineffectiveness of much recent farm mechanisation. One is a study made by Reading University, which showed that the output per acre and per man on the most highly mechanised farms under observation was little more than a third greater than that of the least mechanised. Yet this miserly third was achieved at the expense of more than three times as much machinery! The second study was made during 1944-5 by the National Institute of Agricultural Engineering, when four 200-acre farms were watched for idle machinery. The average number of eight-hour days a year worked was under 15 per machine! Out of 153 implements on these four farms, totalling £7,000 in cost, £5,000 worth (in number 130) worked less than 30 days each out of the 365!

The higher output per man-hour on American farms cannot, therefore, be explained away on the score of the American having more machinery. But I do believe the explanation lies in better work routines. Industry, where hours of work, materials, tools and routines are uniform, proved itself most amenable to improvements after Time and Motion studies had been done on it; but a quarter of a century ago successful Time and Motion experiments were carried out on English farms by a man called W. R. Dunlop.

Between 1926 and 1929 Dunlop worked at and near Wye Agricultural College, Ashford, Kent, studying methods of picking and packing crops, poultry-keeping and milking. Dunlop's first report was published in 1927 under the title *An Investigation of Certain Processes and Conditions on Farms*. As he himself claims in the Introduction, the report "embodies the results of the first systematic attempt in this country to apply the point of view and methods of industrial psychology to agriculture." This was at a time when "several writers of authority have defended the suggestion that England is under-farmed, or, what comes to the same thing, that farm management is not as efficient as it might be." But Dunlop's "general findings, as regards efficiency, are not in agreement with the opinions expressed by many agricultural economists and experts; and this may be partly attributed to the fact that those opinions are *not based on actual measurement and analysis of work in the field*."

Some of W. R. Dunlop's results are startling. He found in hand milking that if a man who normally spent three hours a day at the job could "pull" an extra one-fifth of a pound a minute, he could save thirty minutes a day; which works out at four of the present forty-seven-hour weeks a year! He found, too, that by choosing a gang of potato-pickers whose abilities were similar, and by organising their labour according to individual aptness, it was possible to increase each person's average picking by *5 cwt. an hour*; where their average before reorganisation was about 2 cwt. of potatoes an hour, afterwards it rose to 7 cwt. When it came to poultry, Dunlop was able to save a poultry-keeper the equivalent of nearly two working days a week simply by better management of his routine jobs and a few minor improvements in his equipment.

In the past five years I myself have instigated or conducted a number of Time and Motion experiments on farms. In every case the results bear out Dunlop's views on the inefficiency of the farming industry; but one cannot pontificate on efficiency or inefficiency without measurement having first been done. The country has a big Agricultural Advisory Service: every region of the Service and every district in every region should have its officers carrying out experiments on the improvement of work routines and building up a body of knowledge for dissemination to the meanest farm in the country.

In a nutshell, the case for Time and Motion on the farm is this: the farmer wants increased profit, the nation needs increased food production at less cost. There is no farm in the country where a Time and Motion study properly carried out will not satisfy both these needs, and do it without extra labour and with little capital expenditure.

BRIAN BRANSTON

Marxism Revisited

III.—Can They Hold Her Up?

MARX described what was, in effect, an economic analogue to the law of gravity. He considered that there was a tendency for the wages, and other incomes, of the mass of the population of capitalist societies to remain at or about a subsistence level, leaving the whole of the ever-growing surplus of products to pass into the hands of the small class of owners.

He was not mistaken in supposing such a tendency to exist. But he has proved to have been quite mistaken in supposing that it was impossible to counteract it. It is not only possible to do so; it has been done. The record shows that in fact counter-capitalist pressures, in Britain, for example, have succeeded, at the very least, in maintaining the share of the mass of the population in the national product, and so increasing the amount they have received, roughly in proportion to the increase in national productivity per head. And the increase in the *per capita* income of the mass of the population of the United States has been still more marked. But this does not disprove the existence of Marx's tendency. His error was not one of economic analysis; his error lay in a political misconception—a fundamental underestimate of the political and trade unionist possibilities open to the workers in a democracy. If ever these counter-capitalist pressures become inadequate, his economic law of gravity reasserts itself. If the engines stop, the aircraft immediately begins to lose height.

Capitalism is not then an inherently stable system which will continue to function "in equilibrium" if only it is not tampered with; on the contrary, it is a self-destructive system and will stagnate, slump and aggress if its basic tendencies are not powerfully offset. And Marx's great diagram can be used to help us to understand its innermost character better than any other economic analysis. On the other hand, Marxism can be a most disastrous "guide to action" if we conclude that the tendencies of capitalism to crisis produced by greater and greater inequality cannot be, and—flying in the face of the evidence—have not sometimes been, offset.

Let us here take notice of an answer often made by Marxists to the above charge, which is in effect that the theory of "increasing misery" has proved to be the Achilles heel of Marx's economic system. Marxists sufficiently sophisticated to be unable simply to deny the facts, usually attribute the whole twofold rise in, for instance, the standard of life of the British masses since Marx wrote, to Colonial exploitation. If, they say, British capitalism had not had the teeming millions of India and its other Colonies to exploit *indirectly*, then the British workers would have to be exploited *directly* to such a degree that they would have been reduced to "increasing misery."

Clearly there is something in this argument. Of course Colonial exploitation has helped British capitalism. But how much of the rise in the real incomes of the British masses can be attributed to this factor? What has been the relative importance for the rise in the national income of Colonial acquisitions since 1860, compared with the rise in the productivity of labour? Once the question is put can we doubt that the rise in the productivity of labour has been much the larger factor? Surely we may be assured of this by comparing the fortunes of the British and American masses. If Colonial exploitation had been the main factor, the British masses would clearly have improved their standard of life more than the American masses. For Britain absolutely, and more still in proportion to her population, had far greater and richer Colonial possessions than America. (Britain had far more even if we think of the American Negroes as a sort of internal Colonial people rather than as an ill-paid part of the American working class.) If, on the other hand, the rise in the productivity of labour has been the main factor, then one would expect the American masses to have made the greater improvement—and so they have.

To put the point in another way, what is being alleged is that British capitalism has, by force, made the terms of trade between itself and its Colonies unduly favourable; that we forced the Colonies to sell us food and raw materials cheap and to buy our manufactures dear. And so we often did, no doubt. However, that is clearly no longer the case in the major part of our ex-Empire, in India and in all other self-governing parts of the Commonwealth. And, to be sure, our terms of trade have become less favourable than they were in the inter-war period; but they have *not* become less favourable than they were in, for example, 1900-1914, at the very heyday of the British Raj.

But to return to the main issue. By far the best way of forming an estimate of the practical value of the Marxian economic schema, as a guide to action, is to seek to apply it to one of our crucial contemporary problems. Let us apply it to the contemporary problem which inevitably excites us all, namely: Will there be another American slump? Such an application has the added interest that we know that the Russians are actively engaged in attempting a prognosis for the American economy on the basis of an application—in my view a misapplication—of Marxian theory. (See, for instance, the Varga controversy.) Therefore light may be thrown not only on what is in fact likely to happen, but also upon what the Russians *think* is likely to happen—which is itself an important factor in the total situation.

If we simply apply the Marxian formulae to the contemporary American scene without troubling

ourselves about the facts, they can do nothing but mislead us. If we say: Marx proved that capitalism must break down under its inherent contradictions; therefore there will soon be an American slump; Q.E.D. (and that is very nearly what contemporary Communists *do* say) we cannot fail to make the same sort of gigantic errors in our estimate of the probable performance of contemporary capitalism as the Russians have so manifestly made in the last decade. But, on the other hand, if we use Marx's economics as the best available description of the underlying trend of the system, remembering always that it is a trend which may nevertheless be fully compensated for at any given time and place, we may have a chance—although no more than a chance—of arriving at a realistic prognosis. At any rate, we shall have a far better chance than either the Communists, or the older generation of capitalist economists who suppose that the system is self-equilibrating. On the other hand, Keynesian and post-Keynesian economists, though using utterly different concepts from Marx, and approaching the problem from a wholly different point of view, have themselves abandoned the view that the system is self-equilibrating.

Take, for example, the latest attempt to forecast the future performance of the American economy, Professor Galbraith's *American Capitalism*. This elegantly written work is at the time of writing all the rage in progressive, but respectable, circles. And yet it comes, by an entirely different road, to conclusions not dissimilar to the ones set out above. Indeed, at first sight Professor Galbraith's main theory of "Countervailing Power"—this is the sub-title of his book—might be thought to be the same thing as the concept of counter-capitalist pressure described above. Actually Professor Galbraith means something at once more technical and vaguer. He is concerned with organisations "on the demand side" in general—organisations which he thinks have become sufficiently strong to hold their own with the "oligopolists" (in Marx's terminology, the "monopoly capitalists") on the supply side. But as soon as Professor Galbraith comes down to cases, we find that the two sets of organisations for exercising his "countervailing power" to which he attributes prime importance are (a) the trade unions for the industrial workers; (b) the State-enforced price parity arrangements for the farmers! But the industrial workers and the farmers, taken together, *are* substantially that mass of the population whose incomes, we concluded, will fail to rise with the rise in national productivity if capitalism is left to itself. Undoubtedly, if really effective ways have been found by which the mass of the American people—the workers and farmers—can force up their real incomes as fast as productivity grows, then the trick will have been turned. The system will no longer exhibit its inherent tendency to destroy itself by destroying its own market: the mass of the American people will be able to absorb enough of the total product to prevent attempted over-saving, glut, slump, aggressive search for markets overseas, and all the rest of it. (Even in this event, not all the problems and contradictions of the system will have been solved; but that particular problem will have been.)

The question is: Have the American masses really achieved so much? Professor Galbraith commits himself to the view that in the course of the twenty years of the two "Deals"—New and Fair—they have. Indeed, he actually contends that the American workers and farmers are now so strong that their "countervailing power" may tend to overbalance the system in the other direction! They will try to get, he fears, *too* big a share of the national product. Together with Defence expenditure, foreign aid programmes and the like, the total demand which their incomes will set up will be *too* great, and the system will exhibit a persistent tendency, not to deflation and slump, but to inflation. And then inflation, by cutting into all real incomes except profits, will defeat the thrust of the masses and worsen distribution again.

What are we to say to all this? What Professor Galbraith is, in effect, claiming is that in America the new and highly developed stage of extreme *integration*, which capitalism has undoubtedly reached, is of a quite different character to what it was in, for example, Germany, where it produced the Nazi regime. He is claiming that "oligopoly," "monopoly capitalism," call it what you will (see below), is a different system because the social forces in America are differently balanced. There is no doubt that Professor Galbraith is being realistic in acknowledging implicitly that the issue really turns on the strength of the opposing pressures of the oligopolists, or monopoly capitalists, on the one hand, and the workers and farmers on the other. Does this differ at all from saying that the issue turns on the balance of class forces? It differs only in words.

But what are we to say of this remarkable view of the Professor's that the American workers and farmers can actually exert stronger pressure upon the economy than the American monopoly capitalists? What about this idea of his that, far from their money demand being inadequate to absorb enough of the national product to keep the wheels turning, it will actually prove so powerful as to drive up prices continually and so defeat itself in the waste-lands of inflation? That, in a word, the main danger to the American economy is rising prices, inflation not recession?

At this point the guileless layman like myself is tempted to push off into a sea of statistics. Nor will he experience any difficulty in finding plenty of data to support any view which he may entertain as to the probability of a recession. For, funnily enough, the facts and figures which will be kindly furnished by the professionals will all serve to confirm predictions in strict accordance with their respective political outlooks! The nearer to the Right the economist's position in the political spectrum, the more clearly his data will show that, given reasonably good management, there is no reason why the American economy should ever lose its equilibrium. The nearer to the Left their author stands, the more conclusively every fact and figure will point to early and formidable recession.

What can the layman do but abstain from quoting statistics and come to his own conclusions?

The conclusion to which both theory and data point, in my opinion, is this. As a matter of economic theory, abstracted from the total political and historical reality which is its context in real life, there is no reason why the American economy or any other industrial economy, which has reached that distinct new stage of capitalism which is called "oligopoly" by the economists, and "State monopoly capitalism" by the Marxists, should have another slump. Keynesian and post-Keynesian thinking really have discovered the way in which the economic climate of such advanced industrial societies, operating through the market in conditions of imperfect competition, can be controlled in such a way as will avoid both serious fluctuations and secular stagnation. Sufficiently vigorous New Deal type measures could in theory indefinitely sustain the purchasing power of the population at a point which would clear the market of the available output of consumption goods and services.

Of course, even with the best will in the world, it would take some doing. For instance, in contemporary America, not only may Defence expenditure jump about over a range of tens of billions of dollars, but normal private investment *has* actually varied between $1 billion in 1932 and $45 billion in 1948! Nevertheless, in an economy such as the American, which has virtually no foreign economic complications, and in particular no trace of a balance of payments problem to complicate and bedevil matters, I am convinced that, again as a matter of economic theory, the way to turn the trick of economic stability has been found. The thing *can* now be done.

But *will* it be done? For the fact is that all the ways to do it except one (and that way is worse than none) run clean counter to the whole instincts and principles of the ruling circles of America or any other capitalist oligarchy. Therefore we must seek our answer amongst sociological, political, and historical factors: we must stop abstracting the economic element from the rest of the picture.

JOHN STRACHEY

What, No Rock?

SEA-WATER for the glands. Keep hold of the rope, go right in and don't be afraid to swallow. Dr. Richard Russell's *De Tabe Glandulari* (1750), which you could almost describe now as Brighton's first prospectus, may not have openly said that sea-water is an efficient emetic; but the doctor would have known how good it was for his wealthy patients to make themselves sick. Russell and the glandular George III, Brighton's Romulus and Remus, between them started a mighty industry.

Scores of smart black-and-white taxis—plump Vanguard saloons—met me at the Station. I told everyone shamefacedly that I was in Brighton for the first time, and they eagerly said that I must start here, start there, or go first to see Harry. The first two hotels I tried were full, the third (but I would recommend it) nearly empty. The day was gloriously sunny, but a cold wind from the sea kept the elderly promenade-sitters on the landward side of the shelters, watching everything carefully. In the expansive panelled pub where I lunched (almost the newest of Brighton's modest 440), the waitress noticed my Penguin *Brighton Rock*. "That's all true, that is," she said; "it's as true now as it was then." But she was Irish. No, she wasn't going to stay much longer in Brighton. She liked a place where the people knew and troubled about each other. Two kinds of people lived in Brighton: those on the make, and those on little fixed incomes, who never spoke to anyone, never left tips, and kept on moving into cheaper quarters as the cost of living went up.

This was a bad start, but I met no one else like her. With Mr. Graham Greene as my surreptitious Baedeker, I found that place-names hadn't changed (except where the bombed slums have been replaced by well-designed Council houses), and that I had known what to expect in the way of "amusement catering"; but I learned to keep *Brighton Rock* until the end of each little interview. I met only three people who hadn't read it, and even they had seen the film. Most people had done both, but all except the Irish waitress registered disapproval ("grossly exaggerated, overdone, unfair, malicious, distorted"), so that it seemed impolitic to introduce it too soon, if at all. I even showed a corner of it inside the police headquarters—and acquired a

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copy of the Chief Constable's annual report. There are no race gangs now, I was told. Now? Well, in the early nineteen-twenties there were a few touts who were always spoiling for a fight. Razor gangs? Some had razor blades, no doubt. But theirs were coterie feuds; they never made an impact on the town. There were no sleek moguls ordaining homicide from the Metropole, no adolescent criminal psychopaths shutting little rusty gates of mercy on mankind. A quick-witted Yorkshire bookmaker told me he'd never known any underworld characters to have the slightest influence in the affairs of the County Borough. In how long? In twenty-four years. A little too young, perhaps. Anyway, Kemp Town and the rest today were as respectable as Ascot.

Leaning back on the railings at the tip of Palace Pier, I thought the vast façade of Brighton more beautiful than any sea-front I have ever seen. I avoid large seaside towns, and the last I had seen, the current picture I carried, was Scheveningen on a rainy winter's day, the most depressing splodge of towering Turkish-bath brownstone on the coast of Europe. Both started as monuments to the comfortable hypochondriac, but Brighton grew up under the watchfully tasteful eyes of the Prince Regent and his numberless imitators and sycophants. So it was in an exalted mood that I walked back on the sunny side of the pier, gulping the regally medicated air, passing the new helter-skelter, the ghost train, the mystery theatre, and the tip-tilted determination of the sun-worshippers in the deck chairs. Then came the bookstall; here Dr. Brighton, all giggling senility in a moment, jabs you suddenly with a salacious elbow.

George Orwell, in his 1941 essay on *The Art of Donald McGill*, declared that the seaside picture-postcard, with its "utter lowness of mental atmosphere," was "far more obscene than anything else now printed in England." Since then it has hotted up considerably. I want to place it solemnly on record as a part of 1953 Brighton that its picture-postcards strike a new level of fatuously ingenious pornography, with a heavily lop-sided *double-entendre* that would give no ordinary child of twelve an instant's perplexity. Everywhere in Brighton now you find the post-card stands presenting a tricolour Saturnalia just about matching the ignorant superstition that a tenuous double-meaning can support *honi soit* as a defence to a Common Law charge of obscenity. Brighton is a well-ordered and wide-open town with no self-deceptions, no hypocrisies, a County Borough Council and a C.I.D., and I should say that you are expected to take its dirty postcards as an integral part of what it has to offer.

As I came off the pier, an attendant told me that the turnstiles had admitted 83,000 people in a single day—each paying fourpence, with another fourpence (the price carefully stencilled over a superseded twopence) to sit in a deck chair. But £30,000 a year was spent on steelwork maintenance alone, he said, and there was a permanent staff of 150. I moved on, noticing in one backward glance that two little girls of about ten were stolidly taking turns at a slot-machine peep-show "For Gentlemen Only." Across to the Aquarium, on and under the Marine Parade—fun-fair and roundabouts above, fishes below; a huge collection, this, ranging from half-inch tropical tiddlers with translucent bodies to plunging sea-lions fed from a slot-machine, and yet a collection unique in my experience for showing how herrings and lobsters look when alive and not worried about getting caught. I love the Aquarium. I could take sandwiches down there and sit for hours gaping through the plate glass at its bubbling magical underworld, perhaps now the real underworld of Brighton.

The Pavilion next. Going along narrow Ship Street towards that fabulous pocket Kremlin, I happened gratefully to see Brighton's traffic problem neatly illustrated as a smallish lorry, plunging past a long row of stationary cars, broke all their offside mudguards in loud and rapid succession and thundered unconcernedly away. (I'd like wider roads, the Chief Constable had told me when I allowed him a wish, a lot more car-parks, and somewhere better than Madeira Avenue for the coaches to set down. Brighton in August gets 500 coaches a day.)

About the Pavilion one can but record stupefaction, æsthetic dyspepsia, and a sense that Xanadu has been leased by the Chicago Chamber of Commerce. The Chartered Society of Physiotherapy and some Association of Electrical Gadgeteers were in annual conference among the chandeliers and the mural dragons. Kubla Khan, I grasp this opportunity to say, would have been lucky to have the services of Mr. Roy Bradley, who single-handed has copied and reproduced, in about ten years, the entire skirting, dado mountings, and intricate wallpaper design in all the rooms of this enchanting mausoleum of all that was gracious a hundred and fifty years ago. Outside, especially from Palace Place, the Pavilion looks like a cluster of forgotten Exhibition kiosks crumbling with a Byzantine empire, but inside the state of preservation is perfect, the Regency immortalised.

In a seven-mile walk along the sea-front, from Rottingdean to the West boundary of Hove, you begin where Burne-Jones's house looks across an unspoiled village green to Kipling's (one of the mellowest scenes in England), and you end where the gas-holders tower over a squalid creek called Shoreham Harbour. On the way you can observe and be observed by a great variety of persons. The foreign element is strong, especially in the cafés (in two of them I was told that there is a constant demand for milkless tea with lemon, which I always think sufficient to get anybody interned). This may be partly due to the high proportion of Continental hotel staffs in such a cosmopolitan town; but it has been an asylum for refugees, a European free city, since the French revolution: the full assimilation of its immigrants, now translated under the Aliens Acts into Englishmen, accounts for the fact that less than 1,000 aliens (in a population of 160,000) are registered with the Brighton police.

The quiet and spacious beauty of these Regency squares emphasises what their occupants consider to be the essentially residential character of Brighton. You do not take buckets and spades away to an eighteenth-century drawing-room, they say, nor do you hang striped bathing towels from Adam balconies. But if it were an exclusively dormitory town it could not maintain its present standards. Even at present it has a winter unemployment roll of 4,000, and it is urging the Government (so far vainly) to allow the building of factories for light industry by enterprise from outside as well as inside the town. One might angrily, but rhetorically, imagine that it could live on The Lanes and their too-expert trade in "period" bric-à-brac. But neither the real goose, nor the holiday pay-packet that is its golden egg, can be made acceptable to the permanent residents, even by all the colourful enticement work of the Corporation's Publicity Committee.

I made a point of asking everyone what they would change in Brighton if they could; and, by their answers, contrasting sharply and sometimes bitterly, I could sift the residents from the visitors and those catering for visitors. They agreed only on wanting their hideous Town Hall pulled down, and all the municipal offices turned out of their highly rated quarters along the sea-front. I have never seen a town suffering so painfully and expensively from split personality.

Back at the Railway Station I remembered that I had bought no Brighton rock, and hurried to the girl in the confectionery kiosk. "Oh, we don't keep that," she said.

C. H. Rolph

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With the Rich and Mighty

At Milan the train was shockingly overcrowded. I told A. I would try to get her a sleeper and went along to the Wagons-Lits. The attendant was scribbling on a green form; he glanced up at me and waited, his pencil poised, impatiently. I asked him whether there were any sleepers left, and he gave me the requisite fifteen seconds during which I was supposed to pass him a *mille* note. I knew this but I could not afford it and waited, uncomfortably, for him to speak. He said: "I regret, Monsieur, we are complete in both first and second class." Then I saw his eyes lift to someone who had come up behind me. He stood up, smiling. "Sir," he said, in Italian, "but it is many months since you were with us! What a pleasure!" I turned to go back along the corridor and the new arrival stood back to let me pass, looking at me with bland indifference and saying to the attendant: "An unexpected pleasure, I fear. But you can fix me up I hope?" "But naturally, of course!" the Wagons-Lits man said.

I quite saw his point: there was no need to get a thousand franc advance tip from this gentleman. He was a tall, corpulent man with a vast oval face of a curiously smooth, even brown; the smoothness suggested not so much a perfect shave as an absence of beard, as if he had in his veins the blood of some hairless race. The material of his suit had the same rich dull gloss as his skin, suggesting oil without being oily. He had drawn the glove from one hand and a solitaire diamond of great size drew attention to a superb manicure. Even the diamond could not make him obviously vulgar. There was about him a sort of sombre magnificence and a quiet confidence which were impressive.

Nevertheless, the impression made by this gentleman was to some extent spurious. He was vulgar, not in his diamond ring, which suited his type, but in the attempt at a gentlemanliness

which did not: that attempt failed in the excessive newness, cleanness and smoothness of all about him. He was too unworn; nor was he as formidable as he seemed to be: for one thing he was rather afraid of his wife. I knew this because I had seen him before, over fifteen years ago—confirming my opinion that he could not be said to be alive. I never knew his name. . . .

. . . We were driving towards the Spanish frontier across a plain stippled with tiny iris. We seemed to have the road to ourselves, but presently, after a clump of trees, we came upon an enormous black Isotta-Fraschini drawn up at the roadside. The bonnet was raised and a chauffeur in mauve livery had his head in the engine. Standing massive against the light in the middle of the white road, like a black hole in the scenery, was a tall stout man who signalled us to stop with an air of peevish authority, as if he had summoned us and we were late. We stopped and he approached, a great expanse of smooth, brown face above a ponderous body clad, on that occasion, in English tweed. The voice, when he spoke, was piping, and the accent American, modified by some quality we did not recognise. He said curtly, without apology or preamble, "Do you understand these European automobiles?"

The chauffeur had raised his head and was looking at us out of a brown, mongoloid face with eyes such as we had never seen, black, shiny, still, opaque and expressionless. In the depths of the vast tonneau of the car sat a woman we could not distinguish, because of the shine from the tightly closed windows. Inside, one knew, it would be very warm, moist, and smelling of leather, scent, furs and Havana tobacco. "This péon," the big man said, "understands only a Lincoln." The chaffeur had stopped pretending to mend the car and now stepped up, understanding himself to be called. His employer said, "Stupid, you understand?" and, with very little appearance of anger, struck the man across the mouth with the back of his gloved hand, a gesture indescribably contemptuous.

I went and peered into the engine of the Isotta-Fraschini, smiled up at the chauffeur and asked him what the trouble was. One of his lips was bleeding. He just stared blankly into my face. I took the whole party for Mexicans. In the end, I gathered enough symptoms from the pair of them to guide me to the carburettor. Indeed, as soon as I had removed the obstructive dirt, the engine started sweetly and settled down to a steady chuckling hum. The chauffeur gave me a rag to wipe my hands, and the master was thanking me and I could see his shrewd eyes shift from our ramshackle car to our tolerably good clothes, considering whether we were poor enough to be offered payment.

Such a man comes to significant existence only when he pays out a sum of money, since that is his surrogate for goodwill, for friendship, for gratitude. However, he decided instead to invite us to lunch with him and his wife at the first good restaurant we came to, issuing the invitation as if it were payment, not an act of courtesy. I accepted the invitation. As I got back into our own car A. asked me, "*Why*, in Heaven's name?" I reminded her of that excellent Spanish proverb: *With the rich and mighty, always a little patience.* Presently there was a sign, a *chef* cut from cardboard, holding a menu. Our host was out of his car by the time we came up, and he approached us as we stopped. "This looks not bad," he said. His colloquial English had a curious undertone of deliberation, like that of some Hindus.

The chauffeur was releasing the woman in the car, unwrapping a multiple entegument of fur, until she stood free, a tiny, scraggy creature, beside her husband. She was between forty and fifty, dressed in expensive French clothes; but not only was she not smart, she was grotesque. She was a hideous little woman, not because of bad features or features ill-arranged, but because of the ill-natured, permanently angry cast of her countenance. She faced a world only too ready—one sensed her conviction—to do her down.

As we moved towards the restaurant, the lady began to talk, and there was in her accent none of the ambiguity which puzzled us in her husband's: it was raw, native, clanging Brooklyn, sounding brass, in which she explained the evils of Europe and the vicious hostility of a grasping populace of degenerates. When she paused for breath I asked her husband if their servant was Mexican. "He—we are Brazilians," the big man replied, hesitating. At that his wife scowled and said, "I'm a United States citizen." A curious smile, both sly and placatory, twisted the matt smoothness of her husband's face: "For that matter," he said, "I guess I am, too." She gave him a quick, hard look—of warning?—but he, seemingly afraid of her, avoided it, turning his burly head to take in the room where we sat. Everything was clear and spare and pleasant; the light in the room blent with the golden light outside, the willows beyond the windows as much part of the furnishings as the check-clothed tables. Our hostess said: "They don't understand comfort here. I can't eat in a dump like this."

She had, she said, a delicate stomach, discriminating and highly critical of what she put into it, and much influenced in its temper by the ease or unease of her other parts. A want of what she considered correct taste in her surroundings, during a meal, could produce symtoms which, as she gulped great quantities of *hors d'œuvres*, she described with clinical precision. With the next course, an admirably dressed dish of trout, she passed from the condition of her inside to those steps which, from time to time, famous and expensive surgeons had taken to correct it. She was certain that nowhere in Europe was there a surgeon she would permit to lay a scalpel to her suffering flesh.

Were our hosts, we wondered, on holiday or business? He, with a nervous, sideways look at his wife, as if to duck under a barrier she had raised to save him from his own indiscretions, answered: "Holiday and business. I have to look over some of our European plants."

"What are they?" I asked. Not that I cared.

"We make automobiles, and stuff like that."

Whenever he spoke he had an eye on his wife, but she, having drunk her share of a bottle of Montrachet, and being not yet in the throes of the indigestion she loudly expected, was less alert, less censorious. Her husband put his hand into the inside pocket of his rich suit and drew out some papers from which he extracted an aerial photograph of a vast range of factory buildings. "One of our plants," he said, in a tone warmer than that in which, a little later, he was to indicate a photograph of his son.

I feigned interest, as one does, but shortly was interested indeed: there was no name sufficiently large to be readable on any of the buildings, but on the principal block in the photograph there was a trademark which everyone would have known, of a French firm which made automobiles indeed, but also guns, tanks, bombs—in fact, *stuff like that*.

"One of *your* plants?" I asked. "Do you mean that the capital is Brazilian?"

"Brazilian, American, British, French, German . . . as you please." Our friend was enjoying his own indifference to our surprise, and he was en-

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joying the note of discretion, even of mystification, in his replies. It implied so much: he was so enormously in the know compared with us, who were not in the know at all.

After the meal, the lady had to rest for an hour, and a room had been hired for her. He began to talk as soon as she was out of the room, and his first subject was his son. They were, we thought, a queer couple to be parents. The boy had been sent to a good home in Madrid, to learn correct Spanish, and had gone to the bad. He had perversely joined the Communist Party. "You bring them up with everything, spend money *ad lib.* . . . that boy's had automobiles, cost me ten thousand dollars; horses, a yacht when he was seventeen. And they go Red on you!"

His sorrow and indignation were curiously unconvincing. He *knew*, of course, what a man of his position ought to be feeling over the defection of his son, and so he worked up the requisite feeling, but as if he had learnt how to do it from a book. He could not really believe in the relationship between himself and the errant youth. He had knowledge of human relationships as an archaeologist has knowledge of life in Ur.

He went to his pocket again to bring out a photograph of his son, mixed with the more valued photographs of his factories. He had, while we drank one, taken three glasses of brandy, and his hand was less than steady. The whole contents of his pocket cascaded on to the table, yanked out by the catching of a rubber band, round some document, on his platinum cuff-link. He picked out the photograph of a conventionally handsome youth of South American type, with good European bones, and the pebble eyes of the Indian. But our attention was for the collection of passports which fell on to the table: we had always moved among people who were content with a single passport; but here were three.

He saw our eyes shift from his son to this evidence of his importance, and he laughed. He held up first a Brazilian, then a United States, finally a French passport. Then, with a wink, he put them back into his pocket, and we could not find the indiscretion to question this manifold citizenship. Not for a moment did it occur to us that they were forgeries: our friend was not that kind of man; his passports were certainly as genuine as his cuff-links.

Back in the car a little later, following the white cloud of the Brazilian's dust, we exchanged guesses concerning him. He did not, perhaps, fit the part as well as we could have wished; he was neither the sinister demon of Socialist imagination, nor the brilliant, philosophical man of all the talents imposed on us by Shaw. These were but creatures of an idle fantasy, whereas our Undershaft was "real life," as incapable of positive evil as of good, a negative force. One living author might have invented him: he was a native, an eminent inhabitant of Greene-land, a swell-mobsman bloated up to the proportions of a merchant prince, but with the qualities of a schoolboy wanting in imagination.

Towards evening we came towards Seo d'Urgel, passed through the French controls and crawled up to the Spanish. A young, unshaven, bespectacled man in a soiled uniform sat at a deal table, his chin in his hands. He was reading Feuerbach, but he attended me quickly and amiably when I drew his attention from that enthralling author. He was, indeed, so brisk and pleasant that I talked to him of the party which must have passed through his post before us. "My wife thought they were French," I said, "I that they were Americans. . . ."

He gave me a sharp, suspicious look, like a solicitor asked a question about a client's business. A. smiled at him, and he gave a little shrug. He said: "You were both wrong. I should like to give the decision for the Señora"—he bowed across his desk, gravely—"but the truth is the truth . . . *verdad?* The gentleman was a Swede."

I arrived back at our compartment in the Milan-Paris train, and broke the bad news to A. that there was no sleeper to be had, and then went on to tell of my encounter. "I wonder," I said, "what he's up to?" Who could know? Not ourselves, certainly, getting gritty and hot in our second-class carriage. I said as much, and A. shrugged and took her turn to be proverbial, reminding me . . . *With the rich and mighty, always a little patience.* EDWARD HYAMS

The Arts and Entertainment

PICASSO IN ROME

IN Rome the past overpowers the present with overwhelming finality. Only the motor scooters, the cars, the women's suits, shoes and handbags, and the countless new shops are modern. And these are all exquisite in design and workmanship: these alone of the city's contemporary products are capable of opposing, with their perky, streamlined vitality, the massive formal grandeur of the past. And of course it is no opposition but, rather, a deep accord that links these buzzing, glittering things to their ancient setting, where layer upon layer of architectural formalisation stands, encrusted not by the deposits of age and weather, but only by further additions from the hand of man. The formal genius in the touch of its artisans links this city's past and present. The black and white gloves of the women; their ochre shoes; the elegant, reticent lettering on the nameplates at the entrances to flats, ancient or modern—all connects at once with the uneven spacing of windows in the (at first) empty flatnesses of the façade of the Palazzo Venezia, or the white marble star inlaid in the pavement of the Campidoglio.

Because of all this it at first seemed strange that there should turn out to be so few painters in Rome, and precious few *avant garde* galleries. Yet the fact is the modern painter cannot breathe in the shadow of the austere, dry, bare, immense, brown, ancient palaces—and of Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel. An exhibition of paintings by Afro, at the tiny Obelisk Gallery in Via Sistina, was by far the most interesting Italian painting I saw. About this artist I may be able to write more later on. At this moment I am overwhelmed by another event.

The Galleria d'Arte Moderna, in the Viale Giulia, on the fringe of the Borghese Gardens, is not to be compared, normally, with our own Tate Gallery as a collection of modern painting. But since early last week it has assumed an extraordinary role. Pablo Picasso has lent nearly 250 of his own works from his own collection at Vallauris: and these have been mounted here in a mighty display culminating in his latest and largest works, the immense twin murals of *War* and *Peace*. Completed only a few months ago, these are Picasso's greatest work since *Guernica*. To begin with, they are each approximately fifteen feet high and thirty-three feet long (*Guernica* was 11ft 6in × 25ft 8in). They have been designed for a site at Vallauris; so this is likely to be the last, as well as the first time that they will be seen elsewhere. The exhibition is to be returned to the impatient artist at Vallauris after only one other port of call, Milan. The Galleria's arrangement of all this dynamite includes a novelty that is worth describing. The pictures do not hang *on* the walls; but in front of them. A thin vertical strut is held by a bracket about eighteen inches in front of the wall: the picture is fixed to the strut and then swivelled round a little, to right or left, so that it is no longer parallel

to the wall-surface, or to the other adjacent canvases. The result is that you only *face* one picture at a time, instead of a wall full: and the pictures hover in space. Also, each frameless canvas (they have slender baguettes) becomes an object in space—thus according in practice with the old Cubist criterion, the demand that the picture becomes a created, solid object-in-itself.

I cannot begin to describe this amazing exhibition with any justice. The immense impact of this great artist is as electric as ever; and I say this despite the fact that I had seen perhaps half the paintings before, in London or Paris (or in reproduction). To see what Picasso has kept back for himself is extremely interesting, of course. For instance, he seems on the whole to have wanted to hang on to the less, rather than the more, "completed" works: the canvases that contained, let us say, emotion in the raw, rather than those in which expression was so complete and final that, despite subject, or violence of feeling, the pure tranquillity of a form perfected has descended upon the whole. He has kept the white-hot projection of vision, however sketchy; he has sold the picture whose problem was resolved and which was therefore bestowed with the permanence of "good painting"—the calm permanence Braque so much more often achieves. For himself Picasso has retained the inventive blue-print, idea-laden; he has relinquished the (rarer) perfected object. And in doing this he has possibly confirmed the argument that goes: Picasso is even more of an inventive genius than a painter. His thousand and one discoveries have fertilised the imaginative seed of an epoch. He is *the* genius of our age. Yet possibly he is not its greatest painter.

I don't want to be misunderstood about this. As a painter I know that no one can impel me to work as Picasso can. Simply to see a fine example of his work affects one's very glands. But this wears off: and one is left with a picture which has discharged all its meaning too quickly and too violently, and has become empty; with nothing left over to yield to a more contemplative study. This happens far more often with Picasso than with Braque, Bonnard, or even with Matisse, who all continue to disclose their wealth long after the first assault. Of course, Picasso's pictures, like batteries re-charged, become electric again with disuse; and then, again, one is susceptible once more to the shock.

In meaning and appearance the *War* and *Peace* are very different from *Guernica*. In *War* three dark horses draw a "hideous" black chariot across towards the left, where a "fearless" male nude confronts them (their hooves pound a blazing book) with the Scales of Justice and a white, papery shield bearing a line-drawing of a dove. Four dark grey shadow-silhouettes of grotesque and hacking warriors mound up in a row behind the horses and the chariot bears another male nude, this time with horns, a dripping sword and a transparent sack full of skulls. His left hand holds a white disc, out of which seem to spring a number of immense germs. There is thus an element of humour in this scheme; certainly the brutal urgency, the almost too-real horror of *Guernica* is absent. For one thing the imagery of *War* invokes ancient myth rather than bloody reality, despite a blood-red ground-plane on the right-hand side of the painting. For another, the pictorial nature of that imagery is much farther away from the original Cubist fragmentation than that of *Guernica*. Not only are *War's* figures intact as figures; they are also grouped more conventionally, that is, they are arranged in a foreground against an atmospheric background of cloudy vapours. *Guernica* by contrast confuses "foreground" with "background" throughout; its figures are strung out across the picture-surface and *at* the surface, evenly, from corner to corner; and everything is conveyed in Picasso's crystalline, almost geometric formal vocabulary. The cloudy upper areas of *War* are occasionally invaded by a straight dividing line, separating an area of grey-blue from one of green: but here, in the loose fuzzy scumbling of large areas, is a possible weakness. The colours themselves are highly dramatic, but gay, despite the prevailing crimsons, blacks, purples and bitter greens. Except for two wonderfully three-dimensional hands, which emerge, armless, from a black pit under the chariot wheels (wheels stylised into lob-sidedness like the set in Dr. Caligari's cabinet?), there is an almost poster-like thinness about many of these images. Yet this may possibly itself prove a virtue in the end, in view of the scale of the work. One cannot tell until it is placed in its intended setting. The Sistine ceiling figures might appear inflated at close quarters.

Peace is far quieter in colour than *War*, broader in its main dispositions and more serene and measured in its drawing. Never, incidentally, has Picasso been so influenced by Matisse as here (in fact, his work of the last two years, to judge by a roomful in this exhibition, shows a Matisse-like preoccupation with serene line; "empty," clear, brilliant, thinly painted colour; and gaiety of theme—family life, mostly). Indeed the family group (nude) which occupies the bottom right-hand corner of *Peace* contains a sitting figure which might almost have come from an early Matisse of the *Joy of Life* period (1907). In fact, of course, it is far more expressive psychologically; as well as having much more powerful plastic implications, and being more excitingly related to all the other nude figures in the picture. I make the comparison to indicate the sort of idiom Picasso has used—thick lines describing figures against a ground of a single colour, the figures filled in roughly speaking in one pale, whitish colour-tone. In the centre foreground a white, winged horse pulls a plough, driven by a child. Nude women dance, frieze-like, across a plain ground: a goldfish bowl full of birds and a bird-cage full of fish float in the air to the sound of a satyr's pipes. Picasso dances and exults. Less formally inventive than *Guernica*, *War* and *Peace* are nonetheless majestic. In his old age Picasso is rounding off his titanic efforts with works which, if they lack some of the tension of earlier periods, have possibly a warmer humanity.

PATRICK HERON

FRENCH AND ENGLISH

LAST week provided us with a number of fascinating, instructive and interesting contrasts in styles of producing and of acting. The most striking was that in production offered by the accident which set side by side for us the National Theatre of France, La Comédie Française in one of their customary repertory performances of *Tartuffe* at the St. James's, and our own nursling National Theatre, the Old Vic, in it special Coronation production. An illuminating contrast indeed, that the routine repertory should so outclass the special festival occasion! And suppose that some members of the company of the Comédie Française with an off-night went down to the Waterloo Road to see what we could do, and suppose them to be about as imperfect in our English as most of us are in their French, what impression, I wonder, would they gather of our standards?

The first thing that would strike them, perhaps, would be that it was an odd choice for the Old Vic on this Coronation occasion to choose a play written entirely *in prose*. But surely, one of them might argue, in all Shakespeare's plays there is some verse? Yet evidently not in this one. Another might offer the explanation: *Henry VIII* is only doubtfully Shakespeare. Fletcher, most of it, bits only by Shakespeare. And even those bits *prose?* On the contrary, a third might put in, he had taken the trouble in preparation to read the play. He could assure them it was written in rather marked verse. This then was evidently some adaption? For all of them, expert to the last syllable in the speaking of verse, would swear to the fact that not one line of verse was to be heard at the Old Vic throughout the whole evening.

And they would be quite right. This is an adaption. It is the Tyrone Guthrie adaption as first exhibited a few years back at Stratford, a very monument of Producer's Shakespeare, and virtually unchanged. One or two of the very silliest inventions have been cut out. But there

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are still plenty left in, and the verse has been eliminated altogether. The infuriating thing about Mr. Guthrie's version is that behind all the tomfoolery and childishness, there lies an admirable production, lucid, dramatic and impressive. But it is overlaid by a thick layer of that schoolboy facetiousness of which he never tires. So one would have laboriously to explain to our French friends that Mr. Guthrie's approach to a classic was the opposite of theirs. Mr. Guthrie makes a first assumption that his audience are a set of morons who are going to be bored stiff, and he proceeds to try and tickle them with a ten-year-old's ideas of the funny.

The Comédie Française starts from the opposite assumption. It pays its audience the compliment of assuming that it is composed of adults who will enjoy the pleasure of hearing admirable verse admirably delivered, who will be quick-witted enough to take a joke without having their ribs dug, and who are even prepared to put up with a little boredom by the way. Heaven knows there are boring passages in *Tartuffe*—I could dispense with the fifth act altogether and Cleante would be one of my candidates for the most boring character in dramatic literature. Just imagine what Mr. Guthrie, given a free hand, might "make of" him! Doubtless he would give him a game leg to trip himself up with and a snuffling cold to break up his lines with, and then whenever he did succeed in delivering a speech, the other characters could be galvanised into some diverting by-play to draw our attention away from him. Even so there would be one objection to Mr. Guthrie's version of *Tartuffe*—the jokes with which he tries to relieve the boredom are so boring. If, in spite of all he has done, you are bored at *Henry VIII* just list the different diseases represented among the minor characters or count the number of decrepit prelates he has assembled—as if the mere fact of age was a scream. And then compare these last with a real representation of old age beautifully and really comically done by the veteran actress Berthe Bovy. For a further instructive comparison, set side by side the fine broad comic good sense of the maid, Dorine, as represented in this *Tartuffe* by Beatrice Bretty with the shrill raucous would-be funny representation of much the same sort of character, the nurse to Anne Bullen who is also the chorus, in *Henry VIII*.

Our visitors from the Comédie would find themselves very much more at home, I fancy, if they went instead to the Haymarket to see Mr. Noel Coward in *The Apple Cart*. There they would find a familiar enough sight in the first and third acts—the characters ranged in a semi-circle of chairs facing the audience and simply speaking their lines; and the audience, they would find accepting this with every sign of not being bored. *The Apple Cart* is not vintage Shaw. We listen to it with the same interest we might give in turning over a clever and well-written leading article published twenty years ago in a political weekly (with the added interest that the situation they comically prophesied is now almost too exact). The producer, Mr. Michael Macowan, has not tried to make more of it than is there. Perhaps he has exaggerated to a fault the minor members of the cabinet but the piece is treated straightforwardly as a political conversazione, dominated by King Magnus.

The object of the production here is, as it is in the Comédie (though granted for a slightly different reason) to show up the acting. And rightly so, for Mr. Noel Coward makes an admirable King Magnus, compensating for a natural deficiency of voice by clever timing, persuasive charm and a firm intellectual grasp. I think it is a just criticism that in the first act especially he is a little too inclined to smile at his own cleverness; would Magnus not have avoided this breach of manners? But it is a small point, and Mr. Coward's is a highly intelligent performance, and above all a commanding one carrying the play over its weaknesses.

At the St. James's where acting is what matters, Ledoux makes the hypocrite wonderfully funny, lubricity and piety alternating with the rapid flicker of a camera shutter on that marvellously comic face. Production here is designed to let us not only hear but also see and enjoy the lightest changes of expression as they play over expressive features or are indicated by the smallest of gestures. At the Old Vic the actors fight to make their impression and considering that they also have to do without the support that the by no means despicable poetry could give them, they are to be congratulated on achieving so much. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies is most moving as the queen and Mr. Alexander Knox makes an interesting and consistent portrait of a "butch" Wolsey. And I believe both he and Mr. Leo Genn would make fine Shakespearean actors under a producer to whom verse mattered more.

T. C. WORSLEY

WATCH AND LISTEN

THE B.B.C.'s most ambitious production last week was Mr. David Jones's *The Anathemata*. The actors rehearsed for nine days as compared with about three for a normal play. The cast was obviously hand-picked and the *Radio Times* published an article of such comical portentousness that it must have roused everybody's suspicion. In fact, this was an impressive programme. Here at last was a producer, skilful and intelligent enough to know that sound must either illuminate the meaning of the text or it degenerates into a mere showing off, a trick from the inexhaustible hocus-pocus of radio. All the same, *pace* the B.B.C., this was not good broadcasting material. For one thing it went on far too long—two whole hours. For another the theme of *The Anathemata* is so involved and contains so many echoes from so many different sources that the listener needs to have the score on his knee if he is to follow it.

One hesitates to add anything to this because those of us who have our doubts about the B.B.C. should at least encourage the Corporation when it does something adventurous. *The Anathemata* may not have been the ideal choice, we may think that the time and money might have been laid out more profitably, but at least the Corporation was trying its audiences high and not treating them as if they could hardly be trusted with more than two sentences at a time. Nor is the frivolity of so many programmes wholly the fault of the B.B.C. staff. Broadcasting goes on far too long. The Home Service opens at 6.30 in the morning—a time I did not even know existed before I became a radio critic. The Light joins in at 9 o'clock and from then on, hour after hour, the two are hard at it, gurgling away to one another across the ether. Think of the drama department which has to find an average of five plays a week. Think of the people who have to find jokes for the music hall programmes: there they lie all night, growing ulcers, their minds still busy with the old dead tags—with mothers-in-law, Frenchmen, fat women, charladies, Wigan, twin beds, wives, honeymoons, banana skins, the boss, Blackpool, courting couples, Scotsmen, drunks. These are saddening thoughts, not easily forgotten.

Clearly the B.B.C. must provide entertainment throughout the day since so many people have come to depend on it—the sick, the aged, the housewives. But it's a pity the Corporation has to provide for two Services. There is not much talent about, and even if Broadcasting House were staffed with livelier and more courageous spirits, they would still be unable to maintain a high standard over so long a period. If only it would put off the Home until 1 or even 6 or use far more repeats—which might well be very popular—the B.B.C. could prune out the programmes that exist only to fill in time. A lot would remain on the Light and Home Services—nearly all the serious music (but not the variety we hear on the front at Bournemouth), some plays, the regular features, the quizzes that are so full of that innocent fun which always delights the English. Mr. Sandy Macpherson might possibly have a rest and so might that strange, strange feature called *The Archers*. This programme is modelled on the Mrs. Dale feature and is not only infinitely dull but gives a distorted idea of what the B.B.C. calls "country folk."

As for Mrs. Dale, how can one hope, in a short space, to introduce this extraordinary character with her cracked voice that conveys those maiden aunts in Bath—so rocklike at times of death, taking Communion at Easter, still drinking Earl Grey tea though they cannot really afford it. Ah, my Aunt Ellen so long ago—how you come back to me. Of course Mrs. Dale is not everybody's favourite: Sir Harold Nicolson was so horrified when he tuned in the other day that one gathers he is never likely to be the same man again. And Sir Harold is quite right: even the shock of being thrown into the deep end of the swimming pool is not to be compared with one's stupefaction on first hearing Mrs. Dale. There is at the moment a goat—and it is the maddest fun. Is it really

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funny? Not in the least. There is never anything funny or important or tragic or witty about the Dales. They never, so far as I can discover, read a book or discuss politics or are bothered by the atom bomb or are on the verge of bankruptcy.

Sir Harold is right, too, in being nonplussed that the B.B.C. should put over an idea of life that has no contact with reality. Where he is wrong is in not seeing that the Dale serial is superbly put together: the family is always on the move, effortlessly turning from one incident to another. The mind may protest, but the listener will find that once the habit is formed it can seldom be broken. But its success is not due merely to technical skill: for a great mass of people it is an evocation of the past, of a world safe from the troubles and discomforts of modern life. For the intellectuals the whole thing is so preposterous that it need not be taken seriously and comes to have the same fascination as the Horlicks advertisements. And there is perhaps a subtler reason; one suspects that the Dale household is the secret ambition of the majority of Englishmen. Although wildly eccentric and always on the edge of some secret madness, incurably melancholic, they have yet convinced themselves that they are dull, stodgy, flat-footed—that they are all Dales at heart.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan," at the Plaza
"House of Wax," at Warner's

It's not the story of Gilbert and Sullivan: that would be something far more entertaining, odd, and alive than anything this film attempts. What it is, might be described as a run-through of G. and S. after the fashion of a Sullivan overture (the composition of which, by the way, was often left to an assistant). Gilbert isn't at all Gilbert—acidulous, witty, priggish, Kensington-Babylonian: only Mr. Robert Morley, irresistible even with a moustache. No more is Sullivan Sullivan: all we get of *him*—no fault of Mr. Maurice Evans—is a pretty man, with hair parted in the middle, and comic opera pulling this arm and oratorio that. A young woman, apocryphal, tries to start other things, including marriage and a plot, but she and they very quickly fade out. She has only been introduced, apparently, to suggest a romance which will be superseded, first by Savoyitis, and then by the wonder of knighthood. The film ends with Gilbert tardily receiving his in such a blaze as will surely eclipse the Coronation itself.

The Story of Gilbert and Sullivan is, in fact, a film album which does not venture one inch beyond the popularity of its subject. It hasn't half the interest, for example, of the B.B.C. serial a couple of years ago, which no doubt inspired it. The excerpts are moderately well chosen: too much *Trial by Jury*, no *Patience*, not enough *Iolanthe*; otherwise it can't be quarrelled with. Sir Malcolm Sargent conducts, while Mr. Evans beams and marks time; and the stage interpretations are, of course, strictest D'Oyley Carte—hardly a convention to the screen born. The grimaces and chorus work of *Trial by Jury* will look exceedingly odd to anyone not injected with G. and S. in childhood, and it's an oddity not taken advantage of. Only rarely do the film-makers turn from their opera recordings to film-making as such: one or two transitions from comic to sacred and rovings over the rapt choirs fascinate, and I remember with pleasure the early phases of the *Yeomen of the Guard* rehearsal. If Gilbert and Sullivan according to Launder and Gilliat is a bit of a bore, at least it is generous in its anthologising. We drift on the sweet tunes and dabble in the cool words, and that's more pleasure than usually comes our way in musical biography.

With *House of Wax* 3-D takes a step or so forward in tricks, and slides back to early days of melodrama. This Grand Guignol plays with murder, mutilation, and boiling in wax, and would, in fact, make good Gilbert and Sullivan.

I'm the Ghoul from Paddington Green,
My habits are rare and obscene,

its hero might chant as he slipped from lamp-post to lamp-post along the Strand, or swung on ropes into girls' bedrooms; the morgue with its chorus of the slab-ridden would develop unexpected charms; and we should follow breathlessly the highfalutin art talk, as though in wax-modelling had been discovered the highest form of sculpture. *House of Wax* retails its absurdities quite seriously; it's lucky that unconscious fun comes to its aid, or it might be a rather revolting piece. The waxworks effigist dotes on all his shop window figures and makes love to his Marie Antoinette indefatigably. There's the fire which collapses them, and wantons him. From now on he must have corpses to dip in wax, a living Marie Antoinette to embalm. These diversions are brought to us not only in depth but to the accompaniment of loudspeakers about the house. "She's screaming in her room up *there*," says someone pointing high to the right; and at once, but to our left, comes the blood-curdling wail. But why are no spiders let down from the roof to tickle us?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

"Over the Moon," at the Piccadilly

Even if Vivian Ellis's new revue were only a vehicle for Miss Cicely Courtneidge, it would be still very much worth while. In fact, it is middle-brow entertainment at its best. Gilbert Harding, an unplanned dinner party, the lonely G.I. remembering Manhattan, Tallulah Bankhead's memoirs and a retired Anglo-Indian couple mafficking in a Butlin camp—this is staple fare for the rollicking whisky-and-splashers in the stalls. But Miss Courtneidge gives us a great deal more than that. She sings several of her old songs—including the one about the Magyar soprano adrift—and has two delirously funny new sketches. In the first she is a refined obscurantist village postmistress straffing communications and damping her fringe down with the stamp-licker: in the second she is a certain Miss Hammond who has strayed into an Apache *boîte* with a companion. In both, and in everything else she does, she shows herself a great trouper and a fine artist. It is one of the minor triumphs of Miss Courtneidge's art that she always surrounds herself with the comeliest chorus in the West End and that she always seems to establish something of a special relationship with it. She is well served on this occasion. An excellent cast includes Thorley Walters, Margaret Mitchell and Eunice Gayson.

J. N. B. R.

"Le Lac des Cygnes," at Covent Garden

Last week Margot Fonteyn danced Odette and Odile in the full version of *Le Lac des Cygnes* for the first time since her long illness. These roles, if a little less exacting technically than that of Princess Aurora in *The Sleeping Beauty*, are emotionally far more difficult; but because of her delicately balanced artistry Miss Fonteyn is still able, after fifteen years, to develop the parts. Her interpretation of the Swan Princess has changed in that it has become passionate, though strictly within the classical tradition, and added to the sense of suffering in her face, this gives a fearful premonition of tragedy, even from the first entrance, when she appears unconscious of the doom to come. It is a pity that her partner, Michael Somes, cannot express emotion with more open feeling, since it makes the balance of passion between the hero and heroine lop-sided. The choreographic innovations, excepting the brilliant Neapolitan dance, seem to grow less and less successful with familiarity. They are conspicuously ineffectual in the finale of the third act which, instead of ending with the Queen Mother fallen dead in the great throne room while the Prince clutches at her hand, alone and distracted, now remains as a concourse of courtiers and Queen, all throwing out their arms in repetitive alarm. The final shock that adds dramatic poignancy to the Prince's desolate situation is quite lost. I am more and more troubled by the discrepency in the male and female elements of the *corps de ballet* of this company. The girls are such strong, jolly tomboys, while the boys gaze at them in frail, fawn-like wonder, as though they did not know what they wished for when holding their hands.

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KENYA

SIR,—When I read Critic's comment on Mr. Blundell's visit, and then "Ex-Resident's" letter, in your issue of April 4, I had an irresistible urge to open a bottle of brandy and my old typewriter, as I live in one of the hot-beds of Mau Mau, work in daily contact with all races, and see and hear most of "it".

Having visited people and homes of all races here, I know that *hygiene*, not colour, is the real race barrier in Kenya; and, in this tropical climate, it is more noticeable than in cooler U.K.

Prospecting is my hobby; and out in the Blue, where few ever go to meet Africans, I meet those who are unspoiled by Democracy and are real Natural Gentlemen of courage, with a nice sense of *decency* towards visitors. Their dress is suitable for people who never use soap, and one can enjoy hot sweet tea and cigarettes in the company of these Savages in complete relaxation without distaste or annoyance. If colour was a bar, this could not be true.

Contact with our Democracy turns Africans into dirty Tramps, using the path as a latrine, and cleaning their noses by strong blasts directed *anywhere!* European clothing is then worn by a race who refuse to *buy* soap; it quickly becomes fit only for the incinerator. The full-grown African, with a family, has the mind of a rather wicked young ruffian of about 14 years of age: much the same wage-earning value; but far more extravagant and wasteful. The name "Boy" fits perfectly, but the dangerous weapons carried by these irresponsible people are used with skill in moments of blind and childish passion, even against their best friends and employers.

The Colonial Office servants to whom you pay homage are the *disinterested* folk who abolished the "Kipande", a record of work and wages which every decent African prized, as it was his Union Card and References in one handy and easily understood form. This was against the wishes of every intelligent person in Kenya, but it delighted Mau Mau Bad Hats who were able to infiltrate.

Rather than admit their blunder, the officials endeavoured to re-issue something more costly and far less satisfactory; and *we* pay, not the officials trying to please their U.K. employers. This is why Kenya folk want more say in the selection of future officials; and this is common sense, not disloyalty.

You then laud the formation of a representative group of Europeans, Asians, and Africans to promote the welfare of the ordinary African. We now know where the representative Africans are, and what they represented. Asians have no time for honesty and truth when it is not profitable; they believe every man has his price, and prove this by making £1000, then paying £100 for doing it in this smart way. The Europeans who would be the best representatives are too busy earning their living, or do not possess the *paper* qualifications on which selection appears to be based; and many grabbing, ambitious, not-too-honest types naturally step forward and endeavour to obtain these positions, with tragic results.

Your Commentator then jumps right on to the back of the winning horse by suggesting that our Governor should be given unlimited power. We are with you here to the last jump; *but*, his powers must be such that political, professional, and trade union "pricks" cannot be inserted under the saddle to prevent him galloping to swift and decisive victory. For this purpose we want more of the ordinary Kenya folk on *all* Committees, to see that the Governor gets the facts promptly, and without whitewash, and to support him in his difficult task and prevent tins being tied to his tail! Socialists call this Toryism; and Conservatives say it is outright Communism. We call it straightforward action.

The emancipation of women is actually the first necessity, but you at home appear to be scared stiff of tackling this job. White women leave their homes and go to work in Kenya, some from necessity, others from greed. Asian and African women are chained up at home, to *breed too many children* who grow up wild and unrestrained, to make future problems a far worse headache. There are many European and Asian wives here working all day with Africans; training; teaching by practical example; scolding for theft; forcing them to wash when too smelly; and compelling them to walk the extra few yards to the proper latrine; just like naughty little boys, in England or anywhere else in the world.

This climate *does* make it hard to maintain the same efficiency as in Europe, but we try to keep as near that standard as we can. In my opinion, we have pushed unsuitable European Law and too much professional practice into Africa many years too soon for Africans to appreciate and Asians profit from it.

The Old Settlers, with their simple homes and lack of posh, wealthy-looking furniture and fittings, did not excite greed and envy in the minds of the local Africans. Now, professional and business interests have thrust all kinds of modern democratic goods and luxury items into Africa; ruined the tolerant and easy-going form of life; and replaced it with something which has got the goat of European and African in various ways. Since the White people came here, the Africans have thrived and multiplied beyond *Nature's balance*, and that is what Democracy is now paying for.

In the U.K. there is a strong public opinion which supports the Law and protects the main interests of the people as a whole. Here in Kenya there is no such thing, *yet*; and the majority of people specialise in evading the thinly spread network of Law and Justice which cannot be enforced and *is not enforced*. A fleet-footed black murderer can run away secure in the knowledge that most people will shut their eyes to it, or say, "It's not my business as I do not get *paid* for it." This throws the whole burden on the White minority, aided by some of the more democratic-minded Asians, and the rare and extremely scarce African with the pluck to support Law and Order. In these circumstances there is only one real deterrent. Call upon him to stop, and shoot him if he continues to run away. If this had been permitted by law from the beginning of the Emergency, it would have all been ended by now. Costly legal people spending days in learned trial at fantastic cost could easily be replaced by Courts Martial and quick justice at only a fraction of the cost.

If we were as critical of U.K. people as they are of us, we should howl loudly for action to stop the shocking killing of men, women and children in thousands on the streets, and condemn this *merciless slaughter of all too slow to dodge the traffic*.

Kenya is lovable, generous, and spacious, providing plenty to eat and drink for those who work as hard as they can, for as long as they are able, for as much as they can earn; and irritating, trying, and exasperating, providing plenty to drive one round the bend if lazy or lacking in grit and determination. We claim the right to use any or all our knowledge of several professions or trades for profit, and there are none to forbid this freedom, *yet*! In U.K. this would bring all professional people *and* trade union people up in arms; and Conservatives, Socialists and Communists would all clamour to suppress this true freedom of effort, and would look upon it as a crime.

Visitors with axes to grind find us opposed to lending them our sharpening stones. We leave them to hunt up their own, and this *work* discourages most of them. This is our much prized freedom. In U.K. you drink every day, in company, when you feel like it. After weeks on a lonely farm, the Kenyan comes in for a day, and crowds business and pleasure into this brief period, ending with a lively session at the Club Bar, which earns him the reputation of being a heavy drinker with money to waste. We are no better and no worse than you, when everything is taken into consideration. Our good points outweigh yours, and entitle us to a few more bad points without loss in the final reckoning. We live nearer to Mother Nature; so there is less hum-bug in our lives, and facts are faced with the same coolness as dangers in our daily lives. We have to depend on each other, so are more tolerant of faults and failings; and we are definitely rude when defending Kenya against malicious, unfair criticism by uninformed U.K. people.

I started this as a brief and acid comment; but when I read that your publication is too obstinate and dyed in the wool to be tolerant or see the other side, I thought I would outline something of the true picture here, as my effort towards the Truth About Kenya Campaign. I cannot afford to give cash to it.

"KENID"

(Name and address supplied.)

NOXIOUS WEED?

SIR,—Like your contributor, Ritchie Calder, I must declare that I smoked 35 cigarettes daily until evidence accumulated that this was an extremely harmful habit.

There has been an increase of 47 per cent. in the death rate from cancer of the lung since 1947. There has been no corresponding increase in diagnostic facilities; and, as Professor Bradford Hill and Dr. Richard Doll have stated, the risk of acquiring cancer of the lung is proportionate to the number of cigarettes smoked. All scientific evidence, from this and a number of other countries, confirms this view. It is one of the most important facts which have come to light concerning cancer during this century. Had the same statistical relationship between cancer of the stomach and, say the eating of celery, been demonstrated, it would have been hailed by the Government, the national press and the wireless as offering the greatest possibility of prevention of an important cause of death. Full facts would have been made available at once and the growing of celery probably prohibited!

The situation in relation to tobacco is complicated by many factors, but two main items are the huge profits made by the manufacturers, associated with advertising revenue of the press, and, perhaps even more important, the £620,000,000 annual revenue collected by the Treasury.

It is essential that all young people should know the facts, which are that heavy smoking over a minimum of 25 years has resulted in both men and women dying in increasing numbers. Last year over 14,000 people died from this disease, many of them in the prime of life. In the area around this hospital twice as many people are now dying from cancer of the lung as from tuberculosis.

It is unfortunate that young conscripts, because of the cheaper price of cigarettes and the boredom of life in the Services, tend to smoke excessively at an early age. I made a long train journey recently

diogenes

No 2

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with men on leave from the Navy; they all smoked almost incessantly, and I wondered how many of them would die a very painful death before the age of 60.

The rise in deaths from cancer of the lung among women is proportionate to the amount smoked and will be as frightening to the addicted as that among men within the next 15 years. Nobody has claimed that all cases of cancer of the lung are due to smoking; for, just as cancer of the skin was seen frequently among chimney sweeps, all cancer of the skin was not due to sweeping chimneys. However, it is true to say, I think, that well over 80 per cent. of all lung cancer is related to nothing other than heavy smoking. I have said elsewhere that, by 1965, approximately 25,000 people will die from this untreatable condition. The recent figures from the Registrar General's Report for 1952 give added support to this statement.

HORACE JOULES

Central Middlesex Hospital.

MILLIONS WITHOUT WORDS

SIR,—If semi-literates and near-literates (some 30 per cent. of school-leavers, we are told) slip back into illiteracy in a year or two, it is because they have not in fact been taught to *read*, but have merely been given some mechanical aptitude in recognition. Unless "reading" involves comprehension and enlarges self-knowledge and self-expression, it is meaningless. Robert Barltrop seems to blame the school-leavers themselves, unjustly in my view.

At the Library Association Conference the other week it was generally felt that the school was the place for *building the habits* of reading and study. There are many, teachers, librarians and others, who feel that attitudes such as Mr. Barltrop's are simply begging the question. The fact that such literacy as they have achieved during their schooling affords the school-leavers so little attraction and interest that they can readily abandon it, is a grave condemnation of their schooling.

PATRICK GALVIN

"THE LIVING ROOM"

SIR,—Whatever Mr. Greene's theme was, and whether or not it was made plain, cannot be important because of the play's failure as a drama of human lives. Rose, the young girl, had to face alone such an array of improbable characters that, had she been a real person, instead of Mr. Greene's invention, she must have roared with laughter (which was what the audience politely refrained from doing after half-time when they ceased to believe in the characters).

The suicide was very hard to accept and I can only think that Mr. Greene made himself believe in it for the sake of the theme which Joan Howkins has attributed to him. The last scene added nothing to the development of the play except for the absurdity of the two old ladies suddenly abandoning their religious superstitions—just about as likely as a sane Catholic abandoning a point of dogma.

JEREMY HUNT

SIR,—I agree with almost everything Miss Joan Howkins writes about T. C. Worsley's peevish description of *The Living Room*, but she is surely out of order in attributing to Mr. Greene the belief that all relationships between one human being and another are doomed to failure. Mr. Greene is a genuine literary artist and he does not write *à thèse*: he shows particular characters in particular situations and leaves his readers or audience to draw their own conclusions. Miss Howkins is entitled to deduce what generalisations she pleases, but she should not father any particular one on to Mr. Greene, who can in any case be assumed to have noticed that there are plenty of people in the world who live happily enough together, with or without a belief in God.

The Living Room, in spite of its Catholic setting, is not really about religion at all. A completely trustful girl is betrayed by life and is shown to be completely shattered. This is a tragic, not an intellectual situation, which has been treated by artists as disparate as Schubert (in *Die Schöne Müllerin*) and Henry James, and so can hardly be regarded as novel or obscure.

WILLIAM GOODGER

AFTER LIMELIGHT

SIR,—All must join with G. W. Stonier in his appeal to Mr. Chaplin to work in England. It would be a liberal thanksgiving for the sanctuary his British passport has happily given him. On the other hand, the old magician has completed so brave a circle that it may be too much to ask him to pass the miracle on the British film which Mr. Stonier demands. For his view of British films is melancholy indeed. "English films are mediocre in all departments . . . They have never looked beyond the second-rate . . . We can't, or at any rate don't, make films." Mr. Stonier tells us it is so bad and sad that he "is a stranger in his own country." So help me, I think he is.

However various one's critical tastes may be, I would think "mediocre" is hardly the word to apply to two or three of our more distinctive producers, directors and writers: or to, say, one or two of the British films during the war. But let the older characters look after themselves. More than thirty years ago we primitive critics were derided when we first tentatively brought the early Chaplin films within the terms of aesthetic criticism. Ever since, I have thought it a function of criticism to encourage the up-and-coming as well as to celebrate talents that have arrived. If he follows this line, your critic will perhaps find greater heart, for promise at least there is in the post-war generation. To be "a stranger in one's own country"? That is a chilling disorder indeed. It would be a pity if, at this particular moment in his life, Mr. Chaplin were to catch it from his advocate.

JOHN GRIERSON

Calstone, Wilts.

MARIA DUCE

SIR,—The statements that Maria Duce "is to all intents and purposes, extinct," and that Maria Duce has been forbidden "to hold public meetings and indulge in public propaganda" contained in a letter in your issue of May 2, are entirely false.

In the interest of truth and justice, we request you to publish this statement.

In the Cause of Christ the King,

A. M. MURPHY

Maria Duce, *General Secretary.*

5 Cavendish Row, Dublin.

BESSEMER AND MUSHET

SIR,—We who live in the Forest of Dean are very grateful for such an appreciation of our uncertain industrial position as is contained in Mr. Aylmer Vallance's article in your issue of May 2. He refers, however, to "the woodlands where Bessemer worked and hoped." Bessemer never worked in the Forest of Dean, though Robert Mushet, who perfected the Bessemer process, previously not a commercial success except with ores of small phosphorus content, and whom Mr. Vallance may have had in mind, was a Forester by birth and had his works here.

Cinderford. T. BRIGHT

[Aylmer Vallance writes: "I had always imagined that Bessemer, who owed much to Mushet, must have spent some time in the Coleford works. I stand corrected."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

RUGGERI SEASON

SIR,—I should like to congratulate THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for publishing such an intelligent review of the Ruggeri season at the St. James's, which has found such scant praise in the columns of most English newspapers. Reading the London critics on the subject of this great Italian actor, it seemed to me incredible that the country which produced a Hazlitt and a Lamb, to say nothing of a Shaw or Agate, should today possess so few writers capable of appreciating a foreign company coming from farther afield than the Champs-Elysées.

Your regular Drama Critic, whose articles are always so gratifying to an exile from London theatres, showed commendable modesty in giving up his column to a colleague who is familiar with the language and the theatre traditions of Italy. Here in Italy, foreign companies are always received politely and the critic, whether he understands the language or not, will give every performance his fullest attention.

It is comforting that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, anyway, should live up to its reputation and again give credit to an outstanding artistic event.

Rome. JOHN FRANCIS LANE

This week in

The Listener

The Menace to Free Journalism in America
MARY McCARTHY

Are the Rent Acts Fair?
DUDLEY PERKINS

Berlin—Frontier with the West
WILLIAM CLARK

Tunisia's Political Evolution
LORD KINROSS

The Government and the Nation's Housekeeping
Party Political Broadcast
PAT HORNSBY-SMITH M.P.

Homage to Van Gogh
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Books in General

MR. T. S. ELIOT occupies the position, in centennial succession to Dryden, Johnson and Arnold, of Grand Cham of Literature. As with Johnson it is a little his misfortune that he should, in one way, write too well, for his suggestions have the impact of irrefutable pronouncements. Phrases which for him once indicated paths it might be delightful to pursue, have for many become eternal verities it would be dangerous to question; notions which he offered in all innocence some thirty years ago have boomeranged back on him as though he had been giving voice to laws of Medes and Persians (one thinks of that small seed "dissociation of sensibility" which has produced such a jungle of extravagant growths). In this the present selection* does him, inevitably, some disservice. For though Mr. Hayward has probably carried out the job as well as may be—no two persons would make the same selection—paragraphs or sections extracted from essays cannot illustrate the movement of Mr. Eliot's mind which is part of the persuasive fascination of a whole piece of his writing, a few of which, indeed, are given complete. This gives him too pontifical an air. He does, in a sense, pontificate: but every good critic says with conviction what he has to say, and the very sureness of Mr. Eliot's phrasing, the imagery he uses to drive his points home, the skilled finality of his utterance, in truncated form give his writing a flavour of arrogance not native to him. He is humbler than a good many critics writing today whom one could name, for he hopes only, as he says, to make his own mistakes, and not copy those of his predecessors. And is he not one of the few who does *not* think that Shakespeare must have been someone very like himself?

To read consecutively through a good deal of Eliot's work, as this volume irresistibly invites you to do, is to bring home to you how much he is all of a piece. You cannot really get the full implications of *The Sacred Wood* unless you are familiar with the later work; you will get more from his poetry if you are alive to his criticism: then, for example, you will get the full force of the line about "purifying the dialect of the tribe," and of the passages on language in *Four Quartets*. What the criticism is about emerges still more strongly when you have plunged into the moralistic writings pure and simple, such as *After Strange Gods*. For Eliot, if you analyse it down, is always intent upon one thing, what might be called a culture-language complex:

> We are living at present in a kind of doldrums between opposing winds of doctrine, in a period in which one political philosophy has lost its cogency for behaviour, though it is still the only one in which public speech can be framed. This is very bad for the English language. (*The Idea of a Christian Society.*)

Always uppermost in his mind, as it is with all good critics, is the importance of literature: he can even say that the invention of a new verse form is the most important thing that can happen to a nation. From such a sense continually occupying his mind spring both his constant thinking of tradition and the individual talent, and of the necessity for a poet to sacrifice his personality to something greater than himself—in fact to poetry. It is this which makes him so brilliantly illuminating about, say, the Elizabethans—it is a pity that more of his essays on them could not have been included, such as the one on Elizabethan translation—and, on the other hand, so discriminating about contemporary writers. He has not changed his ground, he has cultivated it; his article on *vers libre* in 1917 in *The New Statesman* was as much a call to order as, in 1948, his *Notes towards the Definition of Culture*.

It is the kind of order to which he would recall us that is the obstacle many people feel in the way of accepting him as the voice of our day. He, in his best bland manner, might very well ask: What is that voice? In any case, the essential thing for a critic is to have a solid point of view of his own, and the virtue of Eliot's is that it is based on an extraordinary wide reference. And after all, it may be better that a critic should hold views in apparent opposition to the general current of his day. Eliot's position—or should one say positions?—are too firmly entrenched in the past to be popular, and he might even be accused of a little lack of sympathy with our present aspirations, of taking too gloomy a view of our culture as one irremeably riddled with decay. You may not share his faith, you may resent his derogatory use of the word "liberal" and his contempt for the idea (especially if you live by it), you may be even revolted by some of his political assumptions: but you must accept these things as *données* in his criticism, his moralistic writings, and his creative work alike. You need not hold a poet's beliefs to enjoy his poetry, so why need you embrace Eliot's doctrines to profit by his criticism?

The end of criticism is not any one thing: Eliot himself has various definitions—to reorganise our conceptions of the literature of the past, or to act as a cog in the changes of literary taste. So for us, whether it is the record of the adventures of the soul among masterpieces, or a rationalisation of the critic's prejudices, does not much matter. What is vital is that it should break down the barriers between poet and reader, and this Eliot accomplishes by a craftsman's examination of what the creative poet's problems were—and are—: take the essay on Baudelaire; or by realising him in actuality, as in the great essay on Dante. There the moralist and the man of letters are perfectly fused, as they were not always when he first stepped out from the literary into the moral field and detonated many irritating, apparently casual *obiter dicta*. Some have regretted his change of ground: but to quote one of his speakers in the *Dialogue of Dramatic Poetry* (not reprinted here):

> You can never draw the line between aesthetic criticism and moral and social criticism; you cannot draw a line between criticism and metaphysics; you start with literary criticism, and however rigorous an aesthete you may be, you are over the frontier into something else sooner or later. The best you can do is to accept these conditions, and know what you are doing when you do it.

Eliot has not always been quite sure; nor has he found it easy to conform to his own counsel of perfection of "disciplining his personal prejudices and cranks," especially as these are always based on his religious affiliations. But if he sometimes lets out a little splenetically, at Hobbes, say, or Arnold (at the latter, we feel, all the more vehemently because it is a family quarrel); if sometimes prejudice, we may think, prevents him from seeing what a poet was saying (as when he misses the point of Swinburne's "Time with a gift of tears, grief with a glass that ran") he gives his devils their due. There is not much, we imagine, in common between him and Montaigne—except, possibly, an affection for cats—but Montaigne is declared "a very great figure" in the essay on Pascal. Normally he knows when he has a prejudice, for instance against Milton, whom he personally dislikes (incidentally, his British Academy Lecture is not a recantation of his earlier views; rather, an adaptation to changed circumstances); yet what sensible man would think Milton belittled by Eliot? There is generosity as well as balance in his judgments. You see this in his tribute to *In Memoriam*, though you may think that here, once at least, the moralist breaks into the realm of the critic, and seems to be "putting over" his own philosophy as a truth we all accept. He remarks that because Tennyson always remained what we might roughly call "agnostic," "his spirit had surrendered." Some might think that it was precisely because his spirit had not surrendered that he stayed where he was.

Surely the moralist is in charge here, since Eliot goes on to say that Tennyson "has been rewarded by the despite of an age that succeeded his own in shallowness." Isn't this, we may ask, being a little perverse? All ages are equally shallow; Eliot has said it himself: his opinion of the majority of mankind is hardly flattering: it is "lazy-minded, incurious, absorbed in vanities, and tepid emotion." Some are set against him on this score, for we like to have a good opinion of ourselves. It is, however, one of the *données* against which we have to assert our own values; and it is not in spite of the *données* but because of them, that what he has to say can be so useful to us. If he seems to look at our age as though he did not belong to it, that is all to the good, since it gives his awareness an edge denied to anybody too absorbed in it. For instance, do not his probing remarks on education scattered through many of his essays give an uneasy twinge to those concerned in earnestly propelling it on?

There would be something wrong with Mr. Eliot if every alert reader did not find a hundred points to quarrel with him about. But set against the bulk of his positive contributions, such bickerings are mere pribblings and prabblings. On what page of his will you not light upon some broad generalisation, some happy phrase, some stimulating aphorism to ponder over or rejoice in? And the great contribution he has been able to make to literature is, as a great practitioner, to point out what is useful in the poets of the past to the poet and reader now. As practitioner he asks:

> Of what *use* is the poetry of this poet to poets writing today? Is it, or can it become, a living force in poetry still unwritten? . . . the practitioner should be able, when he is the right poet, to make an old masterpiece actual, give it contemporary importance, and persuade

* *T. S. Eliot. Selected Prose.* Edited by JOHN HAYWARD. *Penguin Books* and *Faber.* 2*s.*

his audience that it is interesting, exciting, enjoyable, and *active*. (*Milton II.*)

This Mr. Eliot has done again and again, and he has done it in the main in two ways. Firstly as a poet, relating the poets' intuitions to their technique, their inventiveness or their traditionalism. As a man of letters he writes for "those who want poetry and not something else, some stay for their own vanity." As a moralist his approach is from another direction; there he is concerned with the value of poetry for living. And in every case, however much he may deprecate the suggestion that he is a learned man, it is the range of his knowledge, his sense of history, his suave but firm refusal to compromise, that make him a great critic, free of the jargon of literature, of politics, or science, but always with his finger on the important contemporary point. Though prepared (if one is wise) to encounter prickles, one returns to him again and again for refreshment, illumination, and, yes, a stabilising sanity.

BONAMY DOBRÉE

TWO POEMS

AFTERMATH

How strange that Victory
May breed Defeat;
And the blood of the Vanquished well
So pure and sweet
That it falls like the dew of life, on the heart
Which had almost ceased to beat!

THE ENIGMA

"Happy love!" When shall that be?
Dark prey of idiot jealousy!
Envying even the breeze that blows
Faint with the fragrance of an unplucked rose!...

Giving all; demanding none;
Only thus may peace be won.
Passion can nor sleep, nor rest,
For the Babel in its breast;
Pleading, pining, craving; yet
Powerless its need to get,
Knowing nothing earthly can.

Alas, then,
Misfortuned Man!
Ever with his soul at strife,
He makes himself the torment of his life....

"How came you here?" "By heaven's grace."
"Yet seek your heartbreak in a woman's face!"

WALTER DE LA MARE

ORPHEUS

Orpheus, when first he laid
His fingers on the lyre strings,
Did not realise he'd made
A contract with the world of things.

Sailed with Jason and his lads
Sang them songs both grave and gay;
Privately he thought them cads
Saw no light upon their way.

Yet he too in the dark descended,
Begged the mother for his bride;
Was by ineptitude suspended,
Lost her by the river side.

Poets are so quickly blinded
By a light beyond the world,
Till they are by nymphs reminded
That the soul in flesh is furled.

New music of the spirit's vision
Sang Orpheus, and would not yield;
The daughters, then, made quick division
Of Orpheus in a furrowed field.

JOHN HEARNE

THE CRIMINAL LUNATIC

Broadmoor. By RALPH PARTRIDGE. *Chatto & Windus.* 21*s.*

In January 1888 a wife-murderer named Kelly, detained at Broadmoor "during Her Majesty's pleasure," escaped, went to New Orleans, and effaced himself for eight years before deciding to give himself up to the British Consul. Extradition treaties do not cover escaped lunatics, and the puzzled Consul cabled for Foreign Office instructions. Coax him on board the next ship for Liverpool (said the Foreign Office), put him in charge of the captain, and an escort will meet the ship. The escort met the wrong ship; and Kelly, wandering off into Liverpool, disappeared for another thirty-one years. In 1927 he was knocking at the gate of Broadmoor, old and broke, to point out that he was still entitled to free accommodation. No one knew him—it was thirty-nine years since he was last seen there; and an aged attendant had to be brought out of retirement to identify him. Kelly was readmitted, given a new number, and spent the brief remainder of his life where (he said) he had found more comfort than in all his wanderings.

In a careful report that abounds with such stories, told with a neatness and restraint unique in my own experience of this kind of book, Mr. Partridge has written the first adequate account of the Broadmoor Institution—known until 1948 as the Broadmoor Criminal Lunatic Asylum. His narrative carries the facts along so easily and flowingly that you need to remind yourself, at intervals, how cheaply sensational such a book could have been in the hands of the stunt writers to whom criminal lunacy is so constant and lurid an attraction.

The Board of Control, who have now taken over Broadmoor from the Prison Commissioners and manage it for the Minister of Health, have continued the present policy of the Commissioners in letting the public know what goes on inside all their places of detention. Mr. Partridge seems to have made exceptional use of this modern official attitude to publicity, actually staying at the Institution, revisiting it again and again, noting changed conditions from time to time. There is no indication that his book has the blessing of the Board of Control, carefully accurate in every detail though it appears to be; but he has obviously had their co-operation and they should have said so, for they are not likely again to see the thing so thoroughly, objectively, and readably done. The subject is one that might, some day, inspire a university research thesis, but a thesis seldom inspires wit or radiates humanity, the qualities that will make this the universally accepted account for many years to come.

Inevitably, Mr. Partridge found it necessary to state and examine the law and practice of criminal lunacy, with some account of its history; and in doing so he incidentally shows what a layman can do to make the outmoded MacNaughten Rules look intelligible, if not intelligent. But doctors and lawyers, he says, can never come to terms on the question of morally-disabling insanity. He states the impasse in words that neatly portray its difficulty and absurdity:

> The lawyers, having once acquired a legal definition of insanity, refuse to part with it except in exchange for another. The doctors say that the scope of insanity cannot be limited by definition.

To judge from some of his brisk comments, I should say that he is not much concerned to raise cheers in Fleet Street or the Inns of Court. He is especially interesting on epilepsy, until recently a stock defence to murder charges but now confronted by the test of the encephalograph, on the tricks of lawyers to get their clients off, on the news value of homicidal maniacs, and on the truly horrifying behaviour of some newspapers over Ronald True, Heath, Allen (the "mad parson"), Straffen, and others. Dr. Hopwood, then medical superintendent, told me in 1951 something of what the Press had done to Broadmoor, but I had no idea how far it had really gone to make the work of that institution more difficult. Keeping this in mind, I repeat that

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Broadmoor and the entire mental nursing service—are very greatly in Mr. Partridge's debt.

In reading a story so unremittingly sad it is a shock to find oneself laughing at an account of the Sports Day, but this is as wildly funny as anything written since the cricket report in A. G. MacDonnell's *England, Their England*. What I shall never forget is the walking-race in which the mutually-watchful lunatics ran faster and faster until all were disqualified, and the patients' sudden augmentation of their tug-of-war team when the staff were seen to be winning.

It is true that this book is expository rather than critical—its author's acquired attitude appears in the fact that he writes of patients who "come" to Broadmoor. But it succeeds in showing that the Institution is one that any civilised country could be proud of, and it will throw a warm, sympathetic, and permanent light upon a subject that has hitherto provoked only morbid excitement and needless fear.

C. H. ROLPH

KNOWING AN ARTIST

Italian Drawings: Michelangelo and His Studio. By JOHANNES WILDE. *British Museum*. 42*s*.

The Drawings of Parmigianino. By A. E. POPHAM. *Faber*. 42*s*.

All the various ways of looking at art, the art of modern Europe at all events, are ways of knowing artists. Everyone who is concerned with art has ultimately the same object, to take the measure, more and more fully, of exceptional individuals. Often, of course, the objective seems remote. The elaborate institutional paraphernalia of the art world confuses almost as much as it reveals, and the justification of the intense scholarly activity which is now humming about our ears, buzzing and worrying to an extent without precedent, is occasionally far from clear. To those intelligent and sensitive people who are inclined to regard minute scholarship as an irritation, if not a positive danger, we may now offer with confidence a book which (unshadowed, naturally, by the least concession to their vulgar error) implicitly justifies on every page the role of the scholar as interpreter, and his creative function in telling us what an artist, and thus what art, is about.

This must be said clearly and at once, for at first sight this book might, to the general reader, look unpromising. It is written as a catalogue, the most concentrated and least popular of critical forms, a catalogue of Michelangelo drawings in the British Museum: it is thus a compendium—the finest and fullest (and very far from the driest) of its kind—of positive detailed answers to questions of fact. The primary question facing the critic here is the fundamental one—instead of asking, as we must of the littérateur, what his conception of the artist is (and thus, in effect, what metaphor he proposes to offer us for something which is on any other plane barely comprehensible), we ask, is this work by Michelangelo or not? The answers as they accumulate will isolate something from the heterogeneous body of work in every medium related more or less uncertainly to a name as enigmatic as a myth; they will enable us to draw in the historical material the outlines of a shape, and try if we can believe in it as the shape of a man.

There the difficulty of Michelangelo studies begins. The style, which is as much as to say the personality, of Michelangelo, like the personality of Beethoven, is one of the fundamental, enduring properties of European life; it is a basis of our idea of the richness of human nature. Yet how can we say that we know it at all? The historical material, particularly the drawings, which match in significance Beethoven's quartets, was discovered, when scientific criticism began on it, to consist of a dubious accumulation of which much reflected only the destructive impression made upon lesser talents by the master. The first sorting was a process of rejection, a process of daring to say, in a majority of cases, *no*. This first phase of criticism lasted fifty years, and continues today in its largest and strangest monument, the enormous work of de Tolnay which is in progress. Rejection in itself became not only a convention but almost an obsession, haunting scholars with the increasing difficulty of being sure that anything on a sheet was the genuine article, driving them finally to impute to the puzzle an almost incredibly perverse deceptiveness, as if half the masters of the sixteenth century had drawn with no purpose but to take us in. What was being reduced—indeed, impoverished—was not merely a group of drawings, it was a conception of the artist himself. When criticism, in Professor Wilde's hands, takes another turn, to pronounce an equally courageous and exacting *yes*, it is not only the body of drawings but, in essence, an idea of the artist's nature which grows and deepens before our eyes.

The phase of critical rejection was dictated by criteria of quality; it is our whole conception of quality, in this context, which is now revised. The wide range of graphic media used concurrently, and for equally various purposes, develop as if woven together, now one, now another strand uppermost; Dr. Wilde comprehends the whole breadth of the fabric, as one cannot help feeling, for the first time. One need only have touched the fringe of such studies to feel the profound imaginative grasp which criticism of this order requires. When the critic as interpreter is of this calibre, his achievement is comparable to that of the greatest interpretive artists. Visiting (with Beethoven in mind) the great exhibition from English collections now to be seen at the Museum, we realise a debt to Dr. Wilde of the kind that is owed to Toscanini: if the comparison seems inappropriate it is because the scholarly page was never more approachable, with less of the air of a performance about it, than it is in Dr. Wilde's work. We owe to him a grander figure than we have known, grander because more complete, more credible. And in detail the gain is immense. Those finished and difficult paragons of Renaissance form, Michelangelo's presentation drawings, come to seem more personal, more feeling. In his opposite aspect, as the generator of forms impossible of completion, Michelangelo stands larger and more powerful than ever—more human, exasperated and fallible—with the drawings for Sebastiano and the rest, and the design, striking across a century towards Rembrandt, like the *Christ before Pilate*. These are the elements, evolving progressively the ideal physical habiliment of emotion, which contribute to the deep meaning of Michelangelo's last drawings, a meaning of which we seem to know more than ever before.

Mr. Popham's admirable and admirably ridden mount does not, of course, run for these stakes. Parmigianino is a beautiful draughtsman and a most important one, but the question, for instance, of whether or not the design for an altarpiece in the Uffizi is, as used to be thought, by Anselmi will never hold the profound significance that attaches to the finest balance of probabilities in Dr. Wilde's catalogue; the human shape that scholarship can draw for us here remains, of its nature, less profound. The recognition of a personal "handwriting," at which Mr. Popham is so good, in this case grasps at something which, however characteristic, seems to me insubstantial, a matter of artifice and decorative resource. If there is a disappointment in Parmigianino's graphic development, now that we see it as a whole, it is that there is so little to parallel the strange gravity, and the eerie, metallic resolution of form, of the last picture at Dresden. This important book is the first English contribution to the growing literature of Mannerism, and of all recent publications perhaps the most likely to keep a permanent place.

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Two Studies in Virtue. By CHRISTOPHER SYKES. *Collins*. 16*s*.

Everyone who admired *Four Studies in Loyalty* will enjoy this book, which is even better than its predecessor. Mr. Sykes has chosen two excellent and completely dissimilar subjects and he himself only faintly protests a connection between them. His first essay resurrects a free-lance eccentric of the Catholic revival and his second describes the birth of Zionism.

Richard Waldo Sibthorp (1792-1878) was one of those pious unpredictables who hugged the no-man's-land of nineteenth-century orthodoxy. Throughout a long life he shuttled to and fro between Rome and Canterbury. As he himself put it,

> I am held in suspense by previous recollections of very antagonistic things; like a piece of steel placed equi-distant between two lodestones. This does not seem a happy position; nor is a state of suspension of mind a pleasant one. It may be my punishment; or it may be . . . that, having looked somewhat closely into very different systems, I see in all what makes me shun surrender to any, and so keep in an eclectic state of mind.

In all Sibthorp was converted and re-converted five times. As parson, he hungered for the amenities of Oscott. A reading of the *Apologia* or the life of the Curé d'Ars and he would be overboard once more. As priest, his old hankering after Universal Redemption (a hankering better satisfied in the Anglican Church) and his fierce dislike of Ultramontanism or the tone of Father Faber's devotional works would send him knocking at the gates of Magdalen. He remained in an eclectic state of mind to the end and having received the Roman Last Sacraments, died clutching the Book of Common Prayer. Even in death he triumphed over the rigidities of both communions. He was accorded the sonority of a requiem mass and the grandeur of the English Burial Service. He had achieved his own *eirenicon*.

If he had not been such a good, amiable and palpably sincere man, Sibthorp's career might have been a source of theological scandal in his own time and the cause of much high-pitched giggling *à la* Lytton Strachey in our own. In fact he was universally loved by his various

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

pastors and friends. Dr. Routh, Cardinal Wiseman, Bishop Kaye, Dean Jeremie of Lincoln, Newman's friend John Bloxham—each time he went from them they grieved but understood, each time he returned they gave him a Prodigal's welcome. Only Newman and Bishop Sumner seem to have been nettled by his constant changes of heart. As Sibthorp himself owned regretfully, the Bishop "was disposed to catch, I fear, at anything to stay his hand of reconciliation in my case . . . He never gave me the slightest encouragement to return." One can scarcely blame him.

The portrait of Sibthorp included in Mr. Sykes's book is that of an acquiescent "instinctively pious" young curate. "He belonged," Mr. Sykes writes, "to a type more common among oriental nations than our own." In the Fowler biography a photograph shows him sitting in his soutane, holding a biretta—white-haired, quizzical, a trifle daunting, looking a little like Mr. Angus Wilson. As he stares out at the theological horizon, one has a feeling that he is even now meditating a fresh plunge into the seas of faith.

Mr. Sykes tells his story beautifully. By refusing to find Sibthorp merely fatuous, he attains a depth of feeling and understanding that is rare in this kind of portrait and the complicated Roman and Anglican background provides him with opportunities for an amusing mezzotint. The period enthusiast will have only minor quibbles with Mr. Sykes's interpretation. He is, I think, a little hard on his co-religionists in the clergy house at Edgbaston; he tells us that Sibthorp was "thrown amid coarse people" and that "his companions were Irishmen from rough humble homes." The evidence from Sibthorp's own letters does not support this view. There is nothing to suggest that he suffered from the bog-clerisy in the same way as Newman, for example, did during his ill-fated Irish mission. Again, I think he is a shade soft on Dr. Routh.

In his second essay Mr. Sykes tells the story of the growth of anti-Semitism in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries and the gradual emergence of the idea of a Jewish state. Acton once wrote of the "dreary and heart-breaking course by which men have passed to freedom," and Mr. Sykes's narrative is a terrible gloss on his words. The hell brew of Europe—German pseudo-science, Tsarist autocracy and French chauvinism—emptied itself into the Jew-baiters' cauldron. Mr. Sykes outlines the whole ugly story and recounts the steps that led up to the Balfour Declaration. This must be as eloquent and as absorbing an account of the modern *spes Israelis* as has ever been written.

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PEACOCK

Thomas Love Peacock. By OLWEN CAMPBELL. *Arthur Barker.* 7s. 6d.

Miss Campbell has done a good little book on Peacock in the English Novelists Series. She is pithy, agreeable, exact and just. In every generation Peacock has his handful of admirers and in our own time we have seen his influence in Norman Douglas and the early Aldous Huxley. He carried the rational tastes of the eighteenth century far into the Victorian age and we have the pleasure of seeing a number of our practical preoccupations with progress, science, manufacture and so on, in their embryonic stage, when they were mere ideas suited for the dinner table and for intellectual comedy. A nice mixture of scepticism and idealism, of reflection and energy, of the caustic and the poetic, enabled Peacock to confect a comic genre which was unique. He had a small but definite, originating genius. Miss Campbell suggests that what he invented was "intellectual pantomime"; his hand can certainly be detected in Gilbert and he is known to have written a couple of farces before he wrote *Headlong Hall*. The theatre always absorbed him.

Peacock has been sympathetic to our generation because he belongs to the gracious, non-hearty tradition of English comic writing. His bias is towards brain and eccentricity and he belongs to the line which goes back from Firbank, through Carroll, Lear, Hood, Sterne to Congreve and Ben Jonson. There is a certain worldly and social hard-headedness about these writers. Sensibility they may have, but good sense is always bringing them to heel. Peacock enjoys general ideas—but chiefly to make fun of the intellect and to make it knuckle under. With his scrappy education, his immense, unsystematic reading, his lazy cleverness, he is the quintessential English amateur. His admiration of Shelley, his outpouring of poems and songs, has to be seen against the fact that he was an important official in the East India Company, that he was responsible for the building up of the steam-packet service between India and Britain.

No one was ever certain which side Peacock was on, and his originality seems to depend on a thoroughly English mixture of reactionary prejudice and poetic enthusiasm. It is not good enough to regard him as a bookish author who concocted his strange cocktails from Voltaire, Rabelais, ballads, slapstick and pedantry picked up in the library; a romantic susceptibility to new ideas is the basis of his energetic character. He wrote fast and with confidence, as if his peculiar invention had long been in his head. Four of his books were done in as many years. He was able to do what such a large number of gifted writers never achieve: he was able successfully to capitalise his weaknesses. The chief was obviously the exact balance of his critical and imaginative capacities.

Peacock was not, as Miss Campbell points out, an impartial mocker. He had that "partiality for human nature" which is the basis of the comic genius. He had strong and sincere sentiments. The making of his books is in certain strong characters—the superb drunkard in *The Misfortunes of Elphin*, Dr. Folliott, Scythrop, and the women. Peacock really launched the cultivated heroine in the English novel. He is not, of course, the originator of the idea that education and intellect add to the attraction of women but he is the first to convince us, in fiction, of their allurement, wit and charm. They are never, I think, prigs. If one compares *Melincourt* with Bage's *Hermsprong*—a predecessor but nevertheless another example of a half realistic, half allegorical work of the revolutionary period—one sees how superior is Peacock's touch. Sir Oran Haut-Ton is a far wittier version of the noble savage than the solemn Hermsprong is. When he lets himself go in satire Peacock reaches very great heights: in *Elphin* for example, the delicious Tory defence of the British constitution which is compared to a rotting sea wall:

> But I say the parts that are rotten give elasticity to those that are sound: they give them elasticity, elasticity, elasticity. If it were all sound, it would break by its obstinate stiffness; the soundness is checked by the rottenness and the stiffness is balanced by the elasticity. There is nothing so dangerous as innovation.

Peacock, as this extract shows, is three parts theatre. The word "elasticity" (as Miss Campbell says) is meant for an actor, and his slight caricatures fill out the moment they are spoken aloud. He is (I would have thought) perfect material for the radio. Miss Campbell is a discriminating critic; but at one point she defeats me. Why she should feel one's pleasure in *Nightmare Abbey* is spoiled if one considers the portrait of Shelley—Scythrop—is in bad taste, I can't imagine. Successful bad taste has so often been at the heart of outstanding literary works, especially in comedy and satire. Shelley was not in the least annoyed by Scythrop. Would *Nightmare Abbey* be less enjoyable if he had been?

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE GENIUS OF HITLER

Hitler's Table Talk, 1941-1944. With an introductory essay by H. R. TREVOR-ROPER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30s.

This book is a translation of a MS, *Bormann-Vermerke*, which is now in the possession of M. François Genoud, a Swiss. Apparently Martin Bormann obtained Hitler's authority to have the Fuehrer's table-talk recorded unobtrusively from July 7th, 1941. Hitler's table-talk, which was almost entirely monologue, was carried on by him at his midday or evening meal, which up to September, 1942, he took with members of the General Staff. From July, 1941, to September, 1942, Hitler's conversation was recorded by Heinrich Heim or Dr. Picker, and it is their record which fills 700 out of 722 pages of this book, for after the dismissal of Halder in September, 1942, Hitler ceased to have his meals with his generals, and the record of his table-talk became spasmodic.

The book does not add very much to our knowledge of the mind of Adolf Hitler, which has already been revealed to the world in great detail by *Mein Kampf*, his speeches, and such books as Rauschnigg's *Hitler Speaks*. Its 700 pages become intolerably boring unless one is interested by the mind of a man of colossal conceit, incredible ignorance, gross stupidity, and repulsive brutality. There was no subject on which he was not prepared to lecture the cowardly generals and servile Nazis who sat silent round his table. History, art, science, weather forecasts, Jews, India, God, Mosley, virginity, the architecture of Windsor Castle—these are a few of the subjects on which the Fuehrer laid down the law. I read some 400 pages with close attention, and then my patience gave out and I skipped through the remainder. But in what I did read I never came across a thought or a feeling of any value or importance. His long disquisitions on history are silly and superficial. His views on such subjects as the "Germanic race," given again and again at immense length, are just nonsense. His stupidity is such that he could believe in October, 1941, that "doubtless the time will come when I shall no longer have to concern myself with the war or the Eastern front, for it will be only a matter of carrying out what has been already foreseen and ordered." His conversation was full of prophecies

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of what was going to happen in the near or distant future to Germany and her enemies, and one prophecy after the other is hopelessly wrong. His self-delusion about Russia, France, Britain, Churchill, Roosevelt, the Jews, is childish. The only big thing about him is the coarseness and brutality which break through his opinions continually.

Mr. Trevor-Roper, in his introduction, says that Hitler was a genius and a systematic thinker, with a mind as important as that of Bismarck or Lenin, and that historians have under-valued Hitler's mind. He seems to imply that this book will enable us to appreciate the genius and value of the mind of Hitler. There is no evidence in Hitler's conversation to support Mr. Trevor-Roper's statements or judgment. Mr. Trevor-Roper is hypnotised by what Hitler did to misjudge what he was. He deludes himself into believing the vulgar error that if you decide only to do enough evil and do it, you must be a genius.

History teaches something quite different, namely, that under certain circumstances an unstable social situation arises in which it is easy for men of a particular type—violent, brutal, stupid, and ruthless men—to possess themselves of the machinery and instruments of political and military power. Some of the Greek tyrants, many of the Roman emperors, some South American dictators, Mussolini, Hitler, Stalin, are all examples of this curious and lamentable phenomenon. The extent of the power which they temporarily exercise, the greatness of the evil which they work—these things, which delude historians like Mr. Trevor-Roper, have no relation at all to genius.

The world conqueror or the successful gangster may be a genius, but he is much more likely to be like Hitler, a moron. The interesting question is why these periods come in history when temporarily the Nero or the Hitler is able to seize power and is tolerated, indeed, welcomed, by ruling classes which a few years before would have had nothing to do with them. To answer that question adequately would require much space. Here I can only suggest that the situation arises after a social calamity like the Roman civil war or the world war of 1914. Society over a wide area is deeply disrupted. Great masses of people are disorganised, impoverished, or insecure. Standards of civilisation lose their hold. The bold and ruthless charlatan then gets his chance to seize power and, once in power, he is difficult to dislodge, whether he be a Mussolini or a Hitler. He brings ruin and devastation to half the world and misery and death to thousands or today to millions. Eventually he usually destroys himself, and the historian, in a large volume or an introduction, apotheosizes him as a great mind.

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COLLINS

GIANT PLAYBOY

The Life and Good Times of William Randolph Hearst. By JOHN TEBBEL. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

Hearst died in 1951, aged 83; he is still splendid value and likely to remain so for some time. He might have been specially designed as an ogre for THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION reader's nursery. We can see him as the archetypal tycoon, blackest reactionary, warmonger and proud of it, corrupter of the public's already none-too-strong intelligence, the man who inherited a promising newspaper chain and turned it six shades yellower than diarrhœa. And as the arch-plutocrat who lived in the twentieth century the private life of a caliph, with art-galleries for bathrooms and a harem of Hollywood starlets, ever ready to receive him at any age, sixty, seventy, eighty, with shrill quacks of "Oh W.R., you're so cunning, you're so wise, you're so rugged."

Then, too, to round out the picture, there are the human touches, the contradictions: the campaigning for good causes; the dislike of capital punishment (guilt, perhaps, or a strong castration complex?); the obsessional love of animals, shared by how many multimillionaires and monsters, Caligula, Goering, Haigh, which would make Hearst break up a dinner party of fifty-seven to arrange for a top-notch vet to be flown a thousand miles at a cost of several thousand dollars to set a pet guinea pig's broken leg. . . . No, we can never have too much of Hearst; but we shall always find him slightly disappointing; for all his richly fabulous aspects he somehow lacks the essential zest. Even his sexual vitality was, according to Mr. Tebbel, over-estimated; the legend arose from the generous Miss Marion Davies's habit of telling her young friends to buy new frocks for their screen-tests and charge them up to W.R.'s account.

In the end we are left with a picture of a rogue elephant of a man, big and shambling in loose clothes, with curiously pale eyes and an unexpectedly high voice. There is an overtone of boredom, of melancholy and even confusion, that atmosphere to which Orson Welles cottoned on so astutely in his film *Citizen Kane*. (Hearst's comment on this was: "We thought it a little too long.") No very distinct personality emerges. He is perhaps at his most characteristic when being Hearst the journalist, turning over, with his oddly prehensile toes, the pages of his newspapers spread out on the bedroom carpet, bending to scrawl acrid comments to editors in the margins. He turns out to be less significant than we had once thought.

Mr. Tebbel's book is not well written. Parts of it read like an exercise in brighter biography, and, though it does not try to whitewash Hearst, it gives you, here and there, the impression of having been done with an eye on Senator McCarthy and Miss Rebecca West. It follows the fashionable profile form, begins at the end, and heads its chapters "The Women In His Life," "How He Ran His Business," "How He Spent His Money," and so on. It is, however, entertaining and adequate. It covers Hearst's career from his inheritance of his father's fortune, and the famous Spanish-American war episode—"you get the pictures; I'll make the war"—onwards; and it provides an intelligible account of his strange financial vicissitudes. In 1937 his affairs became so strained that he had to borrow a million dollars from Miss Marion Davies.

The key to Hearst as an economic phenomenon was his attitude towards money. Unlike the real archetypal tycoon,

> He did not regard it as invested capital or as an industrial resource. He thought of it with charming simplicity as something to spend. It was this attitude and the fluidity of his fortune that made Hearst the most extraordinary capitalist of our time. . . . Where other newspaper entrepreneurs bought as investments, making careful investigations of their financial health before purchase, he acquired newspapers simply because he wanted them. . . . As *Fortune* phrased it in the famous analysis of 1935, "the core of the Hearst empire is accumulation."

Hearst, in fact, was a giant playboy with a flair for journalism. Hence his total political irresponsibility and his collector's megalomania; the ludicrous attempt to run for President; the castles in Long Island and South Wales, which he hardly visited, the vast Gothic hall built into the New York apartment block, the fabulous San Simeon consisting of four palaces which he always referred to as "the ranch," the two Spanish monasteries transported stone by stone across the Atlantic.

Some of the livelier parts of the book are about Hearst's early days running the San Fransisco *Examiner*, nicknamed because of its dubious classified ads, "The Whore's Daily Guide And Handy Compendium." In this phase he appears at his most sympathetic, cheerfully taking fearful financial punishment; displaying much tolerance, though himself a near-teetotaller, towards drunken newspapermen: "If he is sober one day in thirty that is all I require"; getting along well with crusty fireworks of undoubted integrity such as Ambrose Bierce; discovering the original sobsister and making her sign her column Annie Laurie. All this is rather fun. But when he goes in for politics Hearst becomes a bore—at any rate when viewed in retrospect, though his antics at the time seemed sinister enough. They included in the Thirties, you may remember, championing Hitler, denouncing the New Deal and income tax as communism, and finding more Reds under the beds in higher educational establishments than McCarthy himself.

After all this maelstrom of clownish tycoonery it is rather a relief to wind up in the cosy lap of Miss Marion Davies, a distinctly sympathetic character, tough, good-natured, comparatively unspoilt. Of her Shaw remarked to Miss Patch: "Marion is by far the most attractive of the stars who are not really eighteen." She seems to have provided Mr. Tebbel with some of the material for his domestic interior scenes. She is now married to a retired sea captain who bears a remarkable resemblance to W.R. in his younger days.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

NEW NOVELS

Sundry Creditors. By NIGEL BALCHIN. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Former People. By BORIS WATSON. *Harvill.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Patrol. By FRED MAJDALANY. *Longmans.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Vain Glory. By DIETER MEICHSNER. *Putnam.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

"Peart said with mild disbelief: 'And you come here every day?'" On the first page of his new novel, with Lawrence Spellman showing some arty friends round the factory of which he is a director, Mr. Balchin neatly makes his point and, if I judge him right, indicates his primary intention. Factory life—and how excessively odd it is when one thinks of it—is still something outside the experience, actual or imaginative, of probably the majority of the people we normally call educated. If Mr. Balchin's first aim was to

extend their experience then he has succeeded brilliantly. There is no such thing as a typical factory, but his William Lang, Sons & Horseman Ltd. is certainly typical of many, the old family business which has been progressive in its day, is now a little old-fashioned and is still, theoretically at any rate, paternalistic in its attitude towards its employees. Anyone who has worked in a factory will read *Sundry Creditors* with delighted recognition. Without effort, it seems, Mr. Balchin has got them all in, and caught them unerringly: the works committee, never quite knowing what its function is; the works party at the local hotel, with its cross-currents of suspicion, class-feeling, condescension, envy and rancour; the disputes over rate-fixing; the social gradations; the ambitions, the lobbyings, the jockeying for position, the back-biting, the politics. Mr. Balchin exhibits these through a large gallery of sharply realised characters that take their places in half a dozen related stories springing naturally from their milieu and the clash of personality. Mr. Balchin, one might say, exposes the natural history of his industrial organisation, and his specimens wriggle on their pins in their genuine colours and in attitudes of life.

The attraction of the factory as a subject for the novelist is that of any closed world with a marked ecology—senior common room, masters' common room—producing its special variants of types. But the unfamiliarity of the material presents its own difficulties. How much knowledge on the part of his readers of industrial organisation, skills and processes may the novelist take for granted? Mr. Balchin, it seems to me, strikes just the right balance. The action is never bogged down in the necessary documentary material. Yet in the end it is as first-rate documentary rather than as a novel that *Sundry Creditors* impresses, mainly, I can't help thinking, because Mr. Balchin tends to strangle himself with his own technique. He is a master of naturalistic dialogue, and he relies on it rather too much. We know from the contemporary theatre that naturalistic dialogue alone is incapable of expressing character in depth; and Mr. Balchin is too chary of the psychological analysis that would add depth to his dialogue. This leads him to do less than justice to his conceptions. A case in point is his central figure, the managing director Walter Lang. He is a man who lives for his factory because it is his dream; he is in a sense an artist whose intractable raw material is his factory; and it is because of the obsessional nature of his ambition that the factory loses its independence and becomes subjugated to a much larger industrial concern. Lang, in other words, is a character of great potential interest because he is a tragic figure. But he does not emerge as one; his fate does not move us. Mr. Balchin, I feel, through his method of presentation deprives Lang of the dignity and power his obsession confers on him, and by doing so robs his novel of the profundity it might well have had.

Former People is a first novel, and a delightful one. Mr. Watson, who was born in Russia, gives us a new and unexpected glimpse of life in a backwater of the Soviet Union in the years immediately after the Revolution. There in the great country house, Malo-Sobachina, not so very far from Moscow, a mixed gathering of "former people"—an exile returned from Siberia, an ex-prince, an ex-professor, and their families—are living in a state of semi-communism waiting again to be dispossessed and for the state to take over the house. They exist by trading their possessions, "women's jewellery, then table linen, lace, once-fashionable frocks, and men's top-boots," with the local peasants, who have seized the land, for "flour, buckwheat, vegetables, milk and its derivatives." Mourning the past, rejoicing in the prospective collapse of Bolshevism, dreaming of new lives in foreign capitals, they would long have died of starvation were it not for the energies of their peasant cook. How far Mr. Watson is relying on his memories of his childhood and how far these memories have as it were been refracted through his reading of Turgenev and Chekhov, one can't of course know; but his characters are those of Turgenev and Chekhov placed in the muddle of revolution. His novel is at once funny and sad; lyrical and pathetic in the nineteenth-century Russian way.

Patrol, a novel of the infantryman's war in North Africa and the gradual wearing-down of an officer's morale through constant action, reads very much like a greatly expanded paraphrase of a Siegfried Sassoon poem of the first world war. Perhaps this is why, despite its sincerity and its careful avoidance of sensationalism, it makes little impact. The situation, horrible as it is, is too familiar, the hero never quite comes alive, and though one is moved, it is rather by the whole generalised circumstances of the action than by the specific instance. By contrast, *Vain Glory*, the first novel of a very young German writer, is fresh in its writing, sharp in its perceptions and unfamiliar in its material: it relates the last flare-up and disintegration of an isolated fragment of the German Army in the Bavarian Alps in the last days of the war. The character of the commander, an Oberführer of the S.S., with his grandiose dreams of wiping out an advanced American post, seizing tanks and liberating a prisoner-of-war camp with its 20,000 German prisoners, and then continuing the war from the Alpine redoubt, is well rendered. The translation, by Charlotte and A. L. Lloyd, strikes one as excellent.

WALTER ALLEN

THE GREAT DEBATE

What I Believe. Selected and arranged by SIR JAMES MARCHANT. *Odhams.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In this symposium 20 distinguished men and women, ranging from theologians to journalists, examine the contemporary climate of opinion. Or perhaps yesterday's. Eight of the writers are over sixty and nine are over seventy. All, as Sir Richard Livingstone remarks in his preface, are reasonably well-to-do and successful. What the editor hoped for can be guessed by the questions he put to contributors. They were asked to state their fundamental religious beliefs, and say whether these had substantially affected their life and regulated their behaviour. The majority either rejected specific theologies or declared them relatively insignificant for practical life.

Sir Henry Dale speaks for the scientist's dissociation from religion. He makes the usual points: scientific fact makes some theological conclusions difficult to accept; scientific discipline inculcates the need for a sceptical attitude to knowledge. Confronted with the claim to a kind of knowledge "of a different order" from scientific knowledge, "to be apprehended by faculties of a different kind, and to be immune from that constant liability to review and recasting which is an essential characteristic of scientific knowledge" a scientist naturally feels great diffidence, and prefers to let it alone.

Though Sir S. Radhakrishnan pleads for a religion which has surrendered the claim to the exclusive possession of spiritual truth, his plea for toleration and mutual understanding is not echoed by the professional theologians. The Archbishop of Liverpool quotes, apparently with approval, St. Augustine's extension of St. Paul's description of the Christian Church as the body of Christ, and its comparison with the human body. When a limb is amputated, says St. Augustine, it dies. He continues:

> So a man is a Christian and a Catholic while he is alive in the body [i.e., a member of the Church]: cut off, he becomes a heretic. The Holy Ghost does not follow the amputated limb.

Signs of the doctrine in a different form appear in Professor Latourette's account of the judgment of God, though this is so obscurely phrased that it is not easy to be quite sure what it means.

Several contributors are less concerned with belief than with the virtues they regard as important if human beings are to live together. For Miss Margery Fry these are reverence for

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truth and reverence for life; for Lady Kemsley, work and family loyalty. Sir Norman Birkett praises Augustine Birrell's "honest plain-sailing men." Lord Dunsany pleads for instinct over intellect. Mr. Kingsley Martin makes a vigorous defence of ethical standards freed from any dependence either on belief in God or the dogmas of any particular religion, linking them with the facts of community life, the social instincts and the "tender emotions." Goodness, beauty and truth are "permanent values" in the sense that

> many generations, including our own, have found in them survival value and the basis of human happiness.

Like M. André Maurois and Professor Cole, he admits that they are not safe without vigilance. It is often argued that such values were fostered in Western civilisation by the Christian Church, and that without that backing they will perish. Mr. Martin denies that an authoritarian Church can be trusted to defend them and sees in this argument an attempt to defend incredible doctrines on the ground that it is socially useful for people to believe them. He ends with a plea to the rationalists to

> synthesize, without dogmatism or pretence at finality, such answers as reason and science are now in a position to give us to the questions which revelation and authority have so long pretended to settle.

Summing up, Sir Richard Livingstone suggests that this book reveals an age of intellectual chaos, and seems to long for the "confusion" to pass and for a "common belief" to emerge. I think myself that the differences are healthy, and that in their candid expression and discussion lies the best hope of progress.

L. J. RUSSELL

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THE EX-SOLDIER AND THE OTTER

Tales of Moorland and Estuary. By HENRY WILLIAMSON. *Macdonald.* 12s. 6d.

Soon after his demobilisation from the first world war, Mr. Henry Williamson went to live in a derelict cottage in a remote district of North Devon. In those days he "discovered Devon on foot, mile upon mile of Exmoor, Dartmoor, the river valleys, the wide free shores, and the lamplit inns at night," and explored two visions. One was of the life of animals, otter, salmon or falcon; he saw it as full of pain, joy and danger, but free of man's invention and necessity, guilt—as an emblem of life itself in a pure state, and therefore of salvation—and from this he wrote *Tarka the Otter*, *Salar the Salmon*, and four volumes of short stories. His second vision was of the ex-soldier as sufferer and redeemer, a vision into which later T. E. Lawrence, King Edward the Eighth and, alas, Hitler seemed somehow to fit. He wrote *The Flax of Dream*, a tetralogy of four novels of which the two last, *The Dream of Fair Women* and *The Pathway*, surely deserve a place among the key-novels of our time. Their Hamlet-Messiah hero, William Maddison, remains a valid and significant symbol of years when the spirits of the dead seemed to rise again, and the human tragedy appeared reversible.

Tales of Moorland and Estuary collects the hitherto unpublished remains of the period that produced *Tarka* and *The Flax of Dream*. The two worlds of Mr. Williamson meet — the Ex-Soldier observes the animals—and perhaps both are a little diminished. William Maddison was never a mere observer, and Tarka was never merely observed; their universality, and the spiritual link between them, are communicable only at a deeper level than is here reached, or intended to be reached. But these stories move with their beauty and truth. They are full of an artist's creative joy in his own dawn and spring; and they come from the enthusiastic youth of a man whom many faithful and grateful readers, including the present reviewer and a small minority of his colleagues, believe to be a great writer.

GEORGE D. PAINTER

SHORTER REVIEWS

Congress at Work. By STEPHEN K. BAILEY and HOWARD D. SAMUEL. *Douglas Saunders* with *MacGibbon & Kee.* 30s.

This is an unusual and important book which belies its sober academic title. It is, in fact, the most lively account of the American Congress that has been published in this country, and its English sponsors are to be congratulated. Each aspect of Congress is illustrated by some practical example. The first hundred pages, for instance, are a detailed study of the methods by which one Senator and two Representatives were elected, and of the way each of them spends a typical Congressional Day. The influence of a strong and single-minded Senator is illustrated by the career of Senator Norris, culminating in the establishment of the Tennessee Valley Authority. The power of a "lobby" is shown in the manœuvres which led to the passage of the 1949 Rent Control Act, the devious course of foreign policy measures tracked in a study of the North Atlantic Pact's passage through Congress, and the limits of the Veto power shown by President Truman's attempt to block the Taft-Hartley Act.

Each of these complex affairs is dealt with in a bright, fair and most instructive manner, permitting the reader to secure detailed knowledge of some important issues of policy at the same time as he is learning how the Congressional machine works. For this reason it is not merely a treatise for the political scientist, but it is also a valuable and enjoyable book for anyone who takes a serious interest in American affairs.

The German Sturm und Drang. By ROY PASCAL. *Manchester University Press.* 25s.

The German literary movement called *Sturm und Drang* (after a play with that title) lasted approximately from 1770 to 1778, that is to say as long as its members were young. Rebellious, exuberant and somewhat aimless, it was essentially the expression of youthful vitality, a vitality that was socially unemployed; yet besides the many minor but interesting writers specifically associated with the movement, it embraced both the early imaginative works of Goethe and Herder's brilliant philosophical intuitions. Its repercussions on the German drama alone, from Schiller's early plays to Goethe's mature *Faust*, from Büchner to the Naturalists and Expressionists, were such that those eight years may be said to have determined much of its entire subsequent development.

Professor Pascal has dealt mainly with the theory and background of the movement, "The personal and social situation" of its members, "their social and philosophical outlook, their approach to poetry and the principles of their poetic work." He has therefore been obliged to shift the stress from the practicians of *Sturm und Drang*—Lenz, Gerstenberg, Klinger, Wagner, Maler Müller and Leisewitz—to its mentors and precursors. The real hero is Herder, who receives the fullest treatment, with generous quotations—in English—from his principal prose works; other theorists dealt with at some length are Hamann, Lavater, F. H. Jacobi, Merck and Möser. Goethe, too, is well represented, though chiefly in his capacity of critic and commentator. Professor Pascal promises to complete this survey in a second volume devoted to an analysis of the imaginative works: rightly so, for, comprehensive and instructive as it is, the present volume fails to convey the hectic excitement so characteristic of the *Stürmer und Dranger*. As Professor Pascal himself remarks, "abstract and general definitions were in their view the very antithesis of the energetic, dynamic nature of beauty"; their creed is summed up in Faust's exclamation: "Feeling is all." Inevitably, the present work is full of abstract and general definitions; the fact that these are often vague, obscure or even contradictory bears out their relevance to the spirit of *Sturm und Drang*, but may well discourage the unspecialised reader.

Shakespeare. By HENRI FLUCHÈRE. *Longmans.* 25s.

The most notable successes of Shakespearean criticism since Bradley have been in the illumination of limited periods in his development, of single plays, even of individual characters. If our knowledge of Shakespeare has not broadened, it has at least become deeper at certain points; with the result that in some ways we feel we know less about him than before. We are more aware of the complexity and variety of the plays than of any ideal unity. If there were to be a single new volume covering the plays as a whole and adding something to our knowledge and understanding, we should expect it to be written by a critic of unique powers of assimilation who had managed to forget all he knew and experience his subject afresh in the light of a revelation.

M. Henri Fluchère possesses some of the necessary equipment: he is widely read in the history, literature and criticism of the period, and he has the French passion for abstraction and generalisation. But his book tells us little that is new. If it is disappointing, it is because he has not wholly surrendered himself to his subject. Imaginative insight is lacking. He approaches the plays in the light of such dogmatic preconceptions as: "Dramatic art, however, is a living thing precisely because it is the expression of an epoch and a society. Any valid art-form worthy of the name, I repeat, can only be that." But we know nothing of Shakespeare if we do not feel instinctively that the plays, whatever they tell us, at least tell us more than do any other records of the period. Our minds are inevitably drawn to that earlier and no less helpful discovery: "He was not for an age, but for all time." Modern critical field-work may have made untenable all simple judgments of Shakespeare, but a new synthesis has not so far appeared.

The Cockney. By JULIAN FRANKLYN. *Deutsch.* 18s.

The Ardizzone cover of a street market (Petticoat Lane, or old Caledonian?) leads in one direction; the title-page, with its "Survey of London Life and Language," in another. Two ways—academic, vernacular; and as the book starts, so it goes on. Who are the Cockneys, and what is Cockneyism, may remain a question not wholly answered even after

we've read Mr. Franklyn. He was born, it seems, within a stone's throw of the Elephant and Castle (the next best thing, presumably, to Bow Bells), and it is with a mixture of law-giving, affection, uncertainty, and defiance, that he sets out on this ethnography. His difficulty has been not so much lack of knowledge and thoroughness, as the fact that the Snark will turn into a Boojum—on many pages, for "Cockney" one might easily substitute "Londoners." Who or what *is* the Cockney? Mr. Franklyn essays a brief history—not very revealing. This is followed by a generous round-up of Cockney or mid-London life today, in the course of which buskers and taximen, navvies, chars, coffee-stall keepers, blind beggars, theatre first-nighters, spivs and kids are all called in evidence. The War comes into it; repartee defines; finally decision is speech. The third part of the book deals with language; and this is probably the best and fullest attempt to pin down a native London dialect yet made. Mr. Franklyn gets the genuine idiom, and even manages to phoneticise it; distinguishing, for example, between what he calls deep Cockney (as remote from Standard English as any country dialect) and the more widespread habit of nasalised vowels and dropped consonants. It's not beautiful, but is it alive? Yes, asserts Mr. Franklyn; and most would agree with him.

He is concerned not only to discover and define Cockneys but to argue the case for them. Cheerful, stocky, bold, anecdotal is their nature; and writers who find them otherwise—Arthur Morrison, for example—are deemed misinterpreters. But if Morrison painted too black, Mr. Franklyn assuredly washes too white. His investigations of speech are more precise, and for that reason more absorbing. *The Cockney* would have been a better book if its author had made language his object, allowing the Cockney character to crystallise round that. As it is he has rather trailed his coat and, not lost, but scattered his interest.

Blood in their Ink. By SUTHERLAND SCOTT. *Stanley Paul.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Under this disagreeable but expressive title the author reviews "the march of the modern mystery novel." Some 300 books are mentioned, for the most part in a context of brisk commendation, and it is clear from the first that few feelings are going to be hurt and no reputations blasted. It is only in the matter of titles indeed that Mr. Scott is at all choosey, for here he is a connoisseur, full of curious information and nice discriminations. *Who?* is good because short, and *Death in Decon* because geographically informative. *The Bleeding Scissors*, we learn, became *The Scarlet Scissors* when it crossed the Atlantic—but the reason for the change of adjective is "obscure." *Having a Wonderful Crime* and *Here's Blood in Your Eye* "are legitimate, fair, and assist readers in making their selection." *Arrogant Alibi* is "one of the best examples of a purely alliterative title." On the other hand *My Gun is Quick* "is definitely not the type of title which one likes to associate with the mystery novel." It is insisted that "a mystery novel entitled *Murder Merry-go-Round* should not only have reference to the fact that crimes, criminals or detectives are going round in circles; it should have a fairground or carnival background." *The Baby in the Ash Can* is listed as "arresting" but not otherwise judged. Mr. Scott realises that tastes do not always agree, and that "a title which seems clever to one person may appear supremely silly to another." This probably holds of books about mystery novels too.

I Was a Surgeon For The Chinese Reds. By ERNEST M. LIPPA. *Harrap.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

This book with its American magazine-sounding title might have been very interesting. The author, an Austrian refugee surgeon, went to look for a job in China in 1938 and stayed for twelve years, seeing a great deal of the country, and ending up in a post in a Communist-controlled hospital. Though he has an interesting story to tell, his narrative is seldom very lively. This is partly because he is not a natural writer, and partly too because he does not succeed in conveying his professed affection for China and her people.

More than half the book is concerned with China under Communism. At first there is a suspicion that Dr. Lippa is writing with an eye on his American audience. (The book has, in fact, appeared in the United States and parts of it were published in the *Saturday Evening Post.*) But as the story unfolds he does just succeed in convincing us that he is judging the system as a surgeon, and not as a biased political observer. A good deal of his information about Chinese Communism is given at second-hand—his account of a People's Court, for instance—but when he deals with the medical and surgical conditions in a Communist hospital in North China the book really comes to life. Dr. Lippa's arraignment of bureaucratic methods and inhumanity remind one of Florence Nightingale's description of hospital conditions on her arrival in the Crimea. Here he is on his own ground, and whatever his defects as a writer, the picture becomes vivid because it is felt.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,212

Set by Naomi Lewis

Competitors are asked to suppose that the writers named in the brackets have been invited to give a title of their own choosing to the antecedent work. Eight of these titles are invited:—

Little Lord Fauntleroy (Evelyn Waugh); *The Cocktail Party* (Congreve); *Jane Eyre* (Aldous Huxley); *Dusty Answer* (Jane Austen); *Tamburlaine* (Shaw); *Mansfield Park* (Rosamond Lehmann); *Middlewarch* (Charles Reade); *Martin Chuzzlewit* (Henry Green); *Ghosts* (Noel Coward); *The Waste Land* (Wordsworth); *Villette* (Thomas Hardy); and *Eric, or Little by Little* (Angus Wilson). Entries by May 26.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,209

Set by John Pomfret

The usual prizes are offered for a letter from a firm of publishers turning down the manuscript of any one of the following: *Paradise Lost, Locksley Hall, Ulysses, The Ambassadors, War and Peace, A la Recherche du Temps Perdu,* or *Apologia Pro Vita Sua.*

Report by John Pomfret

Cher Monsieur Proust,

Votre roman est beaucoup trop long. Nous regrettons de vous dire que vous avez perdu votre temps en l'écrivant.

A. E. Fiber's postcard was a model of the succinct brush-off I was after. (R. B. Browning's Sam. S. Pepstein—"You have something, we guess, but you do not give it," he told Milton—was a good runner-up). In most entries, however, the publisher was far too conscientious in explaining his mind to L. Tolstoi, J. Milton and the rest.

Obtusity ran riot. "We feel that for one who is clearly struggling with a language unfamiliar to him (are you perhaps Polish?), it is a creditable if lengthy piece of work," wrote Edward Blishen's entrepreneur to James Joyce. I liked L. E. J.'s conceit of having the *Apologia* rejected by a Papist firm of publishers on the grounds that

It can only do harm to yourself and to the Catholic cause. In so far as it contains a reply to Mr. Kingsley, we feel that your argument, masterly as it is, is beyond the mental grasp of that gentleman and his supporters and will make little impression on their opacity.

H. Y. Light wittily situated his Editions de la Vieille Revue Française in the Twenties:

En outre, la très grande part que vous faites à l'inversion sexuelle ne pourrait qu'indisposer la nation qui a remporté la victoire de la Marne. Il est naturel que des hommes absorbés à panser nos blessures sociales n'aient que mépris et horreur pour une oeuvre de cette espèce qui leur paraîtrait immanquablement procéder du funeste dilettantisme qui a failli nous précipiter dans l'abîme.

On the whole the Proustians came out on top and the Jamesians fared worst. Three guineas to McG. and a guinea each to Angela Taylor, Elaine Morgan and A. E. Fiber.

Mr. John Milton. 1663

Sir,

Pray forgiue som small delay in the returning of your MS (4 boxes, per Edw. Higgs, carter) the

THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS
Gore Vidal
"fiction at its most expensive . . . a wealth of information . . . a modern Petronius." OBSERVER
"witty, informative, gay." THE LISTENER
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wch our Reader who has these sixe monthes diligently persused it now adurses us to be somwhat out of our customarie line, being jollie bookes of new catches; howbeit he biddes you not despaire of better fortune elsewhere, and holdes that would you but a little clippe your Muse's wings, and, beginning at "The Worlde was all before them . . ." adde thereto a prettie verse on His Majestie's late happy Restoration, 'Paradise Lost' might yet be found to please. McG.

Dear Mr. Milton,

Thank you for letting us see "Paradise Lost." We consider it so promising that we shall indicate why, in the present state of the market, we feel obliged to reject it.

1. Adaptations of existing stories (presumably you would admit that your plot is lifted from the early chapters of a well-known best-seller—one, moreover, which is still reprinting) need some *new twist* to justify re-treatment. *e.g.*, prove that Eve was in love with Satan.

2. The love-theme. "God is thy Law, thou mine . . . my Guide and Head," etc. Despite some swing away from interwar sex-egalitarianism, public taste is not prepared to go quite so far in this direction—except, possibly, that romance-reading public which would find the intellectual level of the work beyond them. You fall between two stools.

3. Religious themes sell well, but should preferably deal with the Catholic Church. And while Pride may be the deadliest sin, it is *not* the best-selling.

4. "No middle flight . . . Things unattempted yet," etc. Praise of a work should be confined to the dustcover. The public only tolerates self-boosting from writers who either write comedies (and so are seldom taken seriously) or grow beards (and therefore never are).

Yours sincerely, ELAINE MORGAN

Cher M. Proust,

Il faut du courage! Il paraît que vous craignez terriblement ouvrir les enveloppes, et que vous avez peur surtout des éditeurs. Je pense à cette occasion lorsqu'en dînant chez les Swann, le maître d'hôtel vous a donné une enveloppe. (Elle ne contenait en vérité le nom de la dame à qui vous auriez dû offrir le bras pour aller à table.) Vous n'avez pas osé questionner le maître d'hôtel, (votre éditeur!), au sujet de cette enveloppe, et vous n'avez pas eu non plus le courage de l'ouvrir immédiatement, en vous disant qu'il serait peut-être indiscret. Non, comblé de sentiments d'infériorité, vous l'avez tout simplement mise dans votre poche. Plus tard vous vous êtes enfermés dans votre chambre, (la matrice), vous avez trouvé l'enveloppe, et vous êtes arrivés à en sortir la carte.

Pourquoi craignez-vous tellement vos éditeurs? Parce que, évidemment, l'idée vous est venue que votre oeuvre ne soit pas tout à fait sans défauts. Et vous avez raison, d'ailleurs. Elle contient de grandes lacunes; des idées que vous auriez pu développer; des ommissions dans le récit;—tout ce qui le rend à présent insusceptible de publication dans notre journal.

Nous nous intéressons, pourtant, à votre petite thèse. Il est évident que vos défauts proviennent plutôt d'un manque d'expérience que d'une paucité de talents. Surtout il ne faut pas vous décourager.

Veuillez agréer, etc.

K. Urmelheuffeur,
Editeur, *Nouveau journal de la psychoanalyse.*

ANGELA TAYLOR

CHESS: Afraid of Ghosts

No. 189

While most of us are only too readily inclined to ignore or to underrate some very real danger we may just as easily stray off the true course in a sudden panic, and take some unnecessarily desperate action caused by a figment of our imagination rather than the actual facts of the position. Here, reported by Kurt Richter, is an instructive case in point. In this position—Schallopp - Weiss, Graz 1880—White was overawed by that horribly menacing agglomeration of hostile power at his own King's very doorstep. With a sigh of relief he got rid of that nightmare by giving perpetual check with his rooks. But there was really nothing to worry about. White could have safely played KR-Q7, and the worst that could then have happened to him was a couple of R-checks on his QKt1 and QB1. Then, after K-Kt2, it would have been White's turn to threaten mate, and a really inescapable one too.

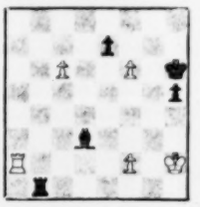
Here—Prokes-Schlage, Prague 1914—Black paid the penalty for being afraid of a ghost, and a very big and bad one it seemed. White had just played his R to Q4, which may have been either desperation or a very shrewd bluff. Whatever the motive, the result was a sudden panic in the Black camp and the timid blunder QR-K1. Now the game was really and quite legitimately White's; for after (1) Q x R ch, R x Q, (2) R (1) x P Black had to trade back his Q and lost by (2) . . . Q x R ch, (3) R x Q, P-QKt4, (4) R-Q5, K-Kt2, (5) R x P ch, K-B3, (6) R-KB5, R-KKt1, (7) R-B7, P-B6, (8) K-K2! But here too, there was no ground for panic. In the diagrammed position the Black Q could safely devour and comfortably digest the R. The worst that White could do was to swop the other R and then to queen his P. But then it would have been Black's turn to play Q-K8 ch, followed by Q-KR5! and White, none the better off for his two Queens, could have resigned there and then.

A: Joseph Szöghy

The 4-pointer this week is a "mate in two" neat enough to whet the appetite of beginners for problems. It is quite easy too if I add the hint that the key-move—unlike in more subtle problems—is a check. **B** and **C** are rather more intricate end-game studies, but not too difficult either. They should be worth 6 and 7 ladder-points. White to win in both of them.

Usual prizes. Entries by May 26.

B: T. C. L. Kok 1934



C: A. Kuznyecov 1948

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set April 25

A: (1) Q-K8 ch, R x Q. (2) P x R(Q) ch, B x Q. (3) B x QP mate.

B: (1) R-R2, B-Kt8 (best). (2) R-KKt2, K-B6. (3) R x B, K-B7 (4) R-K1, P-K5. (5) Kt-K6, P-K6. (6) Kt-B5! P-K7 ch. (7) K-Q2, Kt-B8 ch. (8) K-B1! etc.

But (6) Kt-B4(Q4)? could be countered by P-K7 ch. (7) Kt x P, Kt-B8!

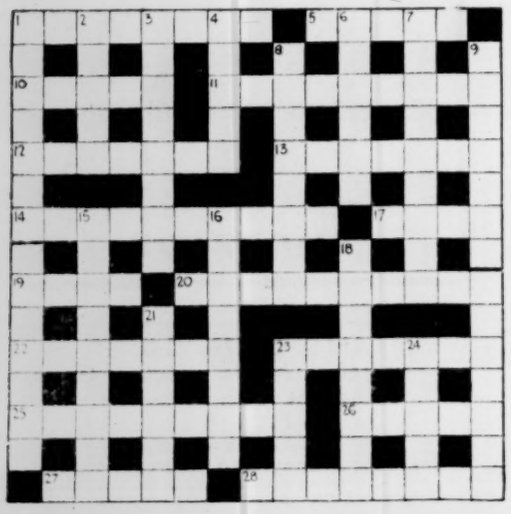
C: (1) P-Kt7, P-R6. (2) R-Kt1!, P x Kt ch. (3) K-Kt7, P-Q4 (4) P-Kt8(B)!, K-Kt3. (5) B(8)-R2 etc.

Even though, I think, our "cracks" have cracked tougher nuts, many of them were stumped by **C**—indeed all except J. C. Cock, D. E. Cohen and F. R. Oliver who share the prizes. In the 12th ladder decade 1st prize goes to M. Kaye, one of the 7th decade winners who has totted up 773 points in 50 weeks. Relatively even better did 8th decade-winners C. Sandberg and A. J. Roycroft who, starting from scratch last July accumulated 678 and 624 points respectively, earning 2nd and 4th prize. The 3rd goes to E. Allan, a 6th decade winner who has amassed 633 points since March 1952. *Non-Londoners' 6th majority move R-K1, Londoners' 6th due by May 20*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 48

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 48, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 26th May.



ACROSS

1. Dancers on tour? (8).
5. The foreigner used to be a boon companion (5).
10. Name understood (5).
11. The storage place is not yet full (9).
12. Means to change for a tennis date (7).
13. He was called cut-throat dog (7).
14. Bridge produces a yearning for money (10).
17. Twain's northerner (4).
19. Every fruit with the soft part cut out (4).
20. Without a judge of language (10).
22. His job is risky (7).
23. Most of this crime is common sense (7).
25. Savings of space for advertising (9).
26. To be seen without ten (5).
27. People who make an impression? (5).
28. Lawyer sounds benevolent (8).

DOWN

1. The sick man's joy is sweet (7, 7).
2. Apparently entered the bar (5).
3. Mountains born in funeral piles (8).
4. For watering flowers (5).
6. No expert in the engineers may produce transmissions (6).
7. Weekly study circle in changing times (9).
8. My better half is sure she is discovering chinks (8).
9. Pipe-band performance? (7, 7).
15. Any recess may be inevitable (9).
16. Unconcealed jingoism? (8).
18. But it gives one a firm grip on property (8).
21. Players' contract (6).
23. The poet is nothing more than an agency (5).
24. Home of a bachelor queen? (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 46

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 46:

Mrs. D. M. Shorrock (Birmingham). Miss B. Gaffikin (Belfast). J. Roberts (Blackburn).

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NICE divan room in Continental house. Breakfast/dinner, all convens., very moderate terms. GLA. 3254 or Box 9258.

A HOME at Heritage, 47 Leinster Gdns., Hyde Park, W.2. Perfect divan sitting-rms. Quiet, spotless comfort. Good bkfst. Sgls. 3-4*gns*. Dbls. 5-7*gns*. Vacs. PAD. 0368.

SERVICE rooms, Chelsea. Fully furnished, cen. htg., C.h.w., full breakfast & dinner inc. from 5½*gns*. per week. FLA. 7755.

TO let comf. furn. room, newly decorated, suit one gentleman, cooking facilities, etc., rent 37*s*. 6*d*. weekly. MAI. 1095.

HAMPSTEAD. Lge. divan room in prof. woman's flat, use of kit. & bathroom. 2½*gns*. PRI. 1595, before 9 a.m. or after 7 p.m.

FURN. room in Mews flat, use kit., bath, telephone, very central, suit student or business person. Box 9136.

WELL-furn. flat to let, 2 rooms, modern. Maida Vale. £17 p. mth. Box 9151.

BAYSWATER: well-furn. econ. flat to let July-September incl. Box 8933.

FURN. rms., partial board, sgle., £4, dble. £3 10*s*. Meals in our restnt. 6-11 p.m. Cottam's, 14 Queensway, W.2. BAY. 0444.

FURNISHED bed-sitting rooms with use of kitchen in quiet private house overlooking gardens, S. Kensington. Business women only. KEN. 3757 9 a.m. or 6 p.m.

PROF. woman has 2 pleasant well furnished rooms to let to another, in flat overlooking Primrose Hill; use kitchen and bathroom. 3*gns*. week. Box 9241.

MARBLE Arch, 5 mins. Exc. accom., meals as reqd. Lge. gnd. MAI. 1787.

SELF-contd. flat, well-furn., 3 rooms, sleep 3, kit. & bath, constant h.w., N.W.12. 15 mins. Oxford Circus. GLA. 7272.

YOUNG man, 28, would share his s/c. flat with similar under 30. Moderate rent. Maida Vale area. Box 9169.

LOVELY furn. flat, sgle., Hampstead. Own 'phone, kit., bathroom. MAI. 2821.

CONTINENTAL hse., large room for 1 or 2 refined persons. Cen. htg., h.w., 'phone, garden. With/without meals. MAI. 3440.

JEWISH lady offers for ladies newly furn. bed-sitting room, use of bath and kitchen. Court near Kilburn Station, bus. Lift, C.H., c.h.w. GLA. 0919.

2 LUXURIOUS single rooms, one 24ft. × 15ft. 3*gns*., one £2 15*s*., use kit., bath, gas. Rm. service, bed linen. Elec. fires. Check meters. MAI. 5267.

SELF-contd. attractively furn. 3-rmd. flat, Brondesbury area, £5 10*s*. per week. 'Phone MAI. 2609 or 2580.

NEVERN Sq. Bedrm., priv. bath, brkfst., serv. £3 10*s*. p.w. FRO. 2430, 8-9 a.m.

YNG. widow wd. share own house 1-2 professionals. Nr. Woodford Tube. Box 9152.

NEAR Epping Forest—Central Line, buses, 5 mins.—to let, small attic bedroom, sitting-room, board, 3½*gns*. Use of garden. Also bed-sit. ditto, Sept. Box 9143.

REIGATE. Attractive country, quiet house pt. furnd., bedrm., sit. rm., use bath. kitch., for one lady. Tel. aft. 9 p.m., 3487.

CORNISH sea holiday; furnished sea chalet, sleep 4. Booking May to October. Honour, Flagstaff, Portloe, Truro.

NORFOLK coast, delightfully rural with private beach, country cottage sleeping eight; also bungalow sleeping five. Vacant previous July 18 and After August 29. Apply 89 King Street, Norwich.

SELF-contd. furn. flats to let on large yacht moored in Pembrokeshire river. One suitable family—2 single, 1 double cabins, large saloon, good kitchen, elec. light, flush lav. Other ideal for couple. All conveniences. Handy shopping, etc. Box 8966.

SNOWDONIA. Nant Ffrancon. Cottage to let (except August). Ideal holiday walkers, climbers, lake bathers. 8 beds. 5*gns*. p.w. Hubback, 19 Wellgarth Rd., N.W.11.

SEAFORD: Double bed-sitting room, kitchen, w.c., use bathroom. Free until August 1. 4*gns*. inclusive. Nr. sea. Box 9010.

COTT., fur., Dorset, perm. 5 rms. Garage, elec., tel., water, 3*gns*. Box 9246.

FURN. seaside cottage, nr. Mundesley, Norfolk. Sleep 4, elec. June/Sept. 4.4*gns*. Box 9076.

LARGE caravan to let school holidays. Sleep 4. Conveyed any site 25 miles Petersfield. £32. Maxwell, Steep Common, Petersfield, Hants.

RUISLIP, Middx., 4-rm. bungalow, gdn. July 25/Sep. 5. 103 Herlwyn Av., Ruislip.

ACCOMMODATION—*continued*

EXCHANGE flat, 2 rooms, Hampstead, house or flat Sth. Coast, betwn. May 25 & June 3. Baby. HAM. 8304 or Box 9257.

HOLIDAY Exchange. London flat nr. Kens. Gdns. July 25, 3-4 weeks for seaside/country accom. Sleep 4. Box 9231.

AMERICAN Grad. student, male, 22, planning study Univ. London, Psych., wishes room/board exch. occas. care children, etc. Arriving June 1, London. Refs. Box 9154.

UNFURNISHED flat, Central London, 2 rooms, kitchen & bathroom, wanted by University lecturer and wife. Box 9160.

MEDICAL student, wife (nurse) and baby in Oct. want any flat with friendly family for 11 years from June. 2-3 rooms and access to garden if poss. Baby-sitting, etc. References gladly given. Box 9180.

SCULPTOR and wife, quiet, need studio or any accomm. unfurnished, London radius. Convert if necessary. RIV. 1540 from 2 p.m.

GRAD. couple need unfurn. accom. from August. Willing decorate/convert. Ryric, 159 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

INDIAN Journalist and wife seek double bed-sit. room, kit. or similar acc. Max. rent £12 mthly. Pref. Hampstead. Box 9268.

UNFURN. s/c. flat required after Coronation by undergraduate and wife. Hampstead or Central London. Box 9009.

SOCIAL Worker (refugee) desperate for own home after 17 years in digs, needs small unfurnished flat Twickenham area. Can anybody help? Box 9084.

POST-Coronation hue and cry (Say the beginning of July) Business Woman in desperation Scours the town for accommodation. Furn., mod. con., all of that Willing even share a flat. Holborn/Bloomsbury much pref'd. Please reply by written word. Box 9105.

AUTHOR seeks very quiet, furnished accom. for writing. Light service, green outlook. In/near London. Details, Box 9148.

FURNISHED house in the country wanted from middle June until middle September. Within daily reach of London. H. M. Nielsen, Danish Embassy, 67 Pont St., S.W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

INDIA & PAKISTAN. For the latest news read the **Weekly** Air Edition of "The Statesman" (Calcutta & Delhi). Available at 1*s*. 6*d*. per copy from "The Statesman's" London office, 41/43 Whitehall, S.W.1, or through branches & railway bookstalls of W. H. Smith & Son, and Wymans, Ltd.

"GEBRAUCHSGRAPHIK"—the foremost international advertising art journal. £6 6*s*. p.a. Specimen copy on approval from Emgee, 33 Dartmouth Park Ave., N.W.5.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc. 5*s*. 4*d*., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

THE Temple Fortune Bookshop specialises in Maps and Guides. But we have a nice selection of books to interest the collector, the gardener, and the lover of good food. Please come and see for yourself. Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, Brompton Rd., S.W.3.

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BOOKS wanted. Highest prices paid for pre-war books by popular authors. Up to half published price for recent novels in fine conditions. Selected titles of Reprint Society & Readers' Union. Private libraries purchased. Berger & Tims, Fiction Library Service, 159 Victoria St., W.1. 'Phone VICtoria 9827.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. Central 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

BOOKS on Economics, Politics, History, Socialism bought/sold. Lists: Frank Cass, 31 Leweston Place, London, N.16.

AMERICAN Magazines by yearly postal subscription. National Geog. Magazine, 47*s*. 6*d*.; Life (Int.), 57*s*. 6*d*.; Popular Mechanics, 32*s*.; Popular Photography, 36*s*.: Complete Price List free. Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Adelaide. The University is now dividing into two its joint Department of History and Political Science, and applications are invited for the Chair of History. Salary: £1,850 a year, with superannuation benefits similar to F.S.S.U., plus a cost-of-living allowance which is at present £728 a year. Duties: The Professor will be Head of the Department of History in the University and will be responsible to the Council for its work. Terms of Appointment: The general conditions of appointment will be the same as for the other Professors in the University. Detailed particulars will be supplied on request to the Registrar or to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Study Leave: Study leave is regarded as important, but is not granted at regular intervals as a right. Each application is considered on its merits, within the resources of a study leave fund. The general terms on which study leave is given are full salary, a grant of £A400 for fares overseas, special travel approved in advance, and a weekly living allowance. Special Interests: The appointment will be made on general academic distinction and lecturing ability, no preference having been determined in advance for any special field of interest, but candidates will naturally specify their special fields. Applications: Applications, in duplicate, giving particulars of age and academic qualifications, together with a recent photograph, a medical certificate of health and the names and addresses of two referees of whom confidential enquiries may be made, should reach the undersigned not later than June 30, 1953. A separate statement may be obtained from the Registrar, or the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, and the University will gladly supply any further information desired by a prospective candidate. The Calendar of the University may be consulted in the library of any University in Australia, New Zealand, or the United Kingdom. A. W. Bampton, Registrar, University of Adelaide, Adelaide, South Australia.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. The Council invites applications for an Assistant Lectureship at a salary on the scale £500 × £25 - £550 a year. Preference will be given to candidates whose interest is mainly in Economic Theory and possessing some knowledge of mathematical economics or statistics. Applications (three copies) stating age, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than June 8.

UNIVERSITY College of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Temporary Staff Tutor to take courses (internal and extra-mural) in the History and Appreciation of Art required in September for the session 1953-54. Salary £450 to £650 according to qualifications and experience, with family allowances. Eight copies of application and testimonials with names and addresses of three persons for reference, should be sent to the Registrar of the University College (from whom further particulars can be obtained) by June 22.

ST. Hilda's College, Oxford. The College will shortly appoint a woman as Treasurer. The post is half-time and non-resident, but if a suitable candidate applies it may be combined with a Lectureship, in which case it may be resident. The person appointed will be eligible for election to an Official Fellowship. Candidates should hold an honours degree and have had some administrative, and preferably some academic experience. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary. Last date of application, May 31.

RISCA Educational Settlement. Applications are invited from women of character and pleasant personality for the post of Handicraft Tutor. Salary £350 p.a. plus cost of living bonus, £32 p.a. A most congenial post in adult education suitable for a person with wide interests who enjoys the society of other people. Ability to teach a variety of handicrafts essential. Knowledge of catering desirable. Forms of application (and further particulars) obtainable from the Warden, Oxford House, Risca, Mon., should be returned to him by May 31.

INVALID Children's Aid Association. Resident Warden (man) required (experienced Youth Leader preferred) for Boys' Convalescent Home, Sussex. Ages 11 to 15. Must be capable of organising out of school activities and understand informal education methods. Married couple would be considered if wife could undertake nursing duties or, alternatively, cooking and catering. Salary by arrangement. Application Form from Secretary, I.C.A.A., 4 Palace Gate, London, W.8.

REQUIRED early July, resident Cook-Housekeeper for small Hostel (4 residents) with interest in Social work. Salary £150 p.a. plus full emoluments. Apply Family Service Unit, 10 Priory St., York.

COOK-Housekeeper for September 1. Eight residents. Daily woman employed. State salary required. Apply Warden, The Birmingham Settlement, 610 Kingstanding Rd., Birmingham, 22c.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PRINCIPAL Scientific Officer: R.A.F. Institute of Aviation Medicine, South Farnborough, Hants. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for a pensionable post in the Centrifuge Unit. Required to take charge of small scientific unit concerned with effects of acceleration on man and animals and to be responsible for detailed planning, from a fundamental aspect, of long term programme of a physiological nature dealing largely with changes in the circulation. Candidates should preferably have had some previous experience in the physiology of the Nervous System and of the special senses. Candidates must have been born on or before December 31, 1921. They must possess an Honours degree in an appropriate subject; but this requirement may be modified by the Commissioners in the case of a candidate who is in other respects exceptionally well suited for the post. Inclusive salary scales: (Men) £1,033–£1,377; (Women) £907–£1,218. Starting salary determined on assessment of successful candidate's qualifications and experience. Particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington St., London, W.1, quoting No. S.4205/53. Application forms to be returned by May 28, 1953.

TEMPORARY Senior Information Officer required by Central Office of Information, in Features Section of Overseas Press Services Division, to take charge of output of Press material including background news and feature articles to Colonial territories. Must be experienced journalists with knowledge of international affairs and of the interests and problems of colonial Press obtained at first hand in one or more of the territories. Salary approx.: Men £970 to £1,151, Women £838 to £980, plus 3% extra duty allowance. Write, giving date of birth, education, full details of qualifications and experience and posts held (including dates) to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Square, W.C.1, quoting E.C. 1223 by May 29, 1953. No original testimonials should be sent. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

LONDON County Council—Administrative Vacancies. A special competitive examination will be held in London on July 20 and 21, 1953, for appointments to Major Establishment. Open to candidates born on or between Aug. 2, 1929, and Feb. 1, 1934, who hold Higher School Certificate, or General Certificate of Education (passes in 4 subjects, incl. English language and mathematics, two of the passes being at advanced level). Graduates (and under-graduates) given age allowance (max. 1 year) for Forces service. Ex-regulars with qualifications mentioned given age allowance. Small "weighting" of marks given for recent Forces service, some reservation of vacancies for ex-National Servicemen. Commencing salaries according to age between £288 at 18 and £450 at 24. Scale rises to £660. Good conditions and leave, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.1), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1. for detailed leaflet and application form S.C.1, closing date June 15.

OXFORDSHIRE County Council. Children's Care Committee. Applications are invited for the posts of Children's Welfare Officer (Female), (Two), on the staff of the Children's Department. Qualifications—Certificate in Child Care, Social Science Certificate or other suitable recognised qualifications, and/or having experience in the work of a Children's Department. Salary—A.P.T. Grades III and IV of the National Joint Council Scales, i.e. £500 - £15—£575. The use of a car will be necessary, and the Council has a loan scheme which will assist in the purchase of new or second-hand cars subject to approval. This post will be permanent and pensionable, and subject to the National Joint Council Scales, and the passing of a satisfactory medical examination. Application forms are obtainable from the County Children's Officer, 103 Banbury Road, Oxford, and should be returned not later than May 30, 1953. Gerald Gale Burkitt, Clerk of the Council, County Hall, Oxford.

CITY of Coventry Children's Committee. Working Girls' Hostel (18 places). Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced persons for the following posts: Warden and Two Assistants (all women). Residential experience with teen-age girls essential. The Hostel is furnished in the modern style and situated in pleasant surroundings. Salaries: Warden, £405 × £15 × £465 less £100 emoluments; First Assistant, £310 × £15 × £355 less £100 emoluments; Second Assistant, £300 × £15 × £345 less £100 emoluments. Assistants holding Home Office Certificate in Child Care receive an additional £15 per annum. In certain circumstances an additional 7s. 6d. per week is paid to members of the staff. Applications for the post of Warden will be considered from married women (without children) with the husband following his normal employment. Applications by May 26, 1953, giving full particulars and names of the referees to the Children's Officer, 38 Bayley Lane, Coventry.

CASEWORKERS reqd. (male & female) for problem family casework. Apply for details: Caseworker Organiser, Family Rehabilitation Service, 71 Vallance Rd., London, E.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC invites applications from British Nationals for Programme Assistant, German Service. Duties: deputising for German Topical Organiser and assisting with planning writing and editing of political transmissions and daily half-hour programme for East Zone. Qualifications: Essential: first-class knowledge of German and political conditions in Germany, emphasis on East Zone. Desirable: experience of conditions in Berlin or Eastern Europe; administrative ability, journalistic experience and ability to broadcast in German. Although normally based London periods of duty in Berlin possible, for which higher acting salary is payable. Salary £795 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,065 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.A.G.S. N. Sem.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

THE Labour Party invites applications for the post of assistant to the Commonwealth Officer. Candidates should have some knowledge of Colonial Affairs, the Labour Movement and drafting ability. Salary £475-£525. Application forms, to be returned with specimens of written work, not later than June 13, 1953, from Morgan Phillips, The Labour Party, Transport House, Smith Square, S.W.1.

AN Organising Secretary (resident, man or woman) for the Community Centre at University House, Victoria Park Square, Bethnal Green, London, E.2, is required. Particulars from the Warden.

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PINEWOOD requires cook and matron—see schools advertisement. Elizabeth Strachan, Amwellbury, Ware, Herts. Ware 52.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

BACHELOR, 24, B.Sc. (Econ.), 2nd class, wide interests esp. social & world affairs & writing about same. Plenty of initiative, ability in languages. At present frustrated in govt. dept. Journalistic work desired but all replies welcomed. Box 9200.

COMPANY Secretary, 37, single, wide experience, fluent French, Swedish, Italian, German, foreign experience, seeks responsible post anywhere; preferably export; anything considered. Box 9102.

SOLICITOR (38), cultural interests, qualified 1938, private practice, Local Govt., 3 years i/c legal dept. large commercial firm abroad, seeks commercial, industrial, trade union post or prospects partnership, succession London. Box 8907.

POL. research/jrnlsm./educ./soc. wk. rqd. by Univ. man (Pol./Econs.), 24, married. Exp. reviewing, lectng., organis. Box 9189.

A GRADUATE (in English), 27, with literary, artistic and musical interests, seeks post in London: willing to consider anything. Box 9080.

BERLIN grad., first refs., successful priv. coaching & Grammar Schls., reqs. teaching or other post (clerical, translns., etc.), Aug., Sept. Span., German, Maths., Physics. Coaching in retn. accom. & pocket money consid. Also temporarily. Box 9073.

A YOUNG (28) woman of enthusiasm awaits executive or Personal Assistant's appointment, after ten years ascending business ladder, including secretarial and administrative rungs. Has experience of advertising-photography, interest in publicity, flair for arts and fashion, liking for people. Box 9255.

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MISCELLANEOUS

"SE comprendre, c'est la paix." The Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1, for conversation and tuition in foreign languages. Continental Snack Bar. 'Phone SLO. 9595.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker St., W.1. Enquiries Secretary, CUN. 8837.

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PROPERTIES FOR SALE

BY order of the Exors. of Dr. Norman Haire, dec'd. "Nettleden Lodge," Ashridge Park, Hertfordshire (under 30 miles from London). 16th Century Country Residence and 46 acres. 4 recp., 8 bed., 3 bath., Cent. Heat. Main Electricity. Garages & Stabling. 2 modern Cottages. For Sale by Auction or privately. Full Particulars from Herring, Son & Daw, 12 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. Regent 5603.

NORTH Cornwall coast. Attractive house, sunny, sheltered, overlooking sea. 1 acre garden. Aga kitchen, 2 sitts., 3/5 bedrooms, bath./lav. Possession. Freehold. Approx. £2,900. Box 8753.

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LARGE fully-furnished mobile houseboat, sleeps 9, moored Walton-on-Naze, Essex. £495. Box 9112.

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UNUSUAL Holiday. Come and learn to make and play your own instruments at the Pipers Guild Summer School. Norwich July 29-August 5. President: Boyd Neel. Apply Sec., Mrs. Rigg, Washington, Sussex.

DRAMA Schools. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. Day School July 27-Aug. 7, 5*gns*. Evening School Aug. 10-21, 4½*gns*. Dir.: Marian Naylor. All branches Dramatic Art for teachers, actors, producers. Details: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

A "FOREIGN" holiday in England! Join our international house party holidays near Windsor or by the sea in Sussex and Cornwall and meet interesting visitors from the Continent. Foreign language practice and tuition, dancing, tennis, bathing and excursions. July 25-August 31. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

PERSONAL

WOMAN artist has sheltered site Chilterns, couple caravaners summer. Also wishes share house, garage with congenial tenant. Direct acc. Lond. Gt. Missenden 359.

MOTHER'S Help wntd. Lond. 2 children. Daily woman kept. Div. rm. Box 9179.

FRENCH-speaking Swiss girl, 28, seeks post school/care of children June-September. Piano. Fluent English/German. Steinacher, 67 Bd. Beaumarchais, Paris, 3e.

FRENCH gent., 25, seeks exch. immed. English family 2 months. Madame Hoffett, 1 rue du Temple Neuf, Strasbourg.

YOUNG lady (25-30) invited to complete foursome Continental holiday by car end July. Share expenses. Box 9078.

PLEASANT office headquarters avail. in Finsbury Circus with competent secretarial serv. as required. Mod. chges. Box 8965.

SUGGESTIONS invited for forming discussion group on lines of Wells's Open Conspiracy. Box 9263.

COUNTER-Tenor seeks participation in Renaissance music during London visit, May 21-31. Box 9225.

GARDEN. Owner lovely small garden seeks flat-dweller(s) share interest, work, produce. Nr. Golders Grn. Stn. Box 9119.

BACHELOR (39) wide interests & exper. contemporary arts sks. partner (m. or f.) with capital. View to opening shop selling objects for contemporary interiors. Box 8840.

2 YNG. men motoring S. France, Italy, etc., July 3-19 would like 2 others (m.) to join them. Share expenses. Box 9089.

MAN, middle-aged, no ties, varied interests, sks. similar as companion motoring holiday abroad. Exp. shared. Box 8943.

STRONG, healthy, Swedish student, 18, wishes work exch. board, pocket-money, June/July/Aug. Gdn., farm-work, etc. Bo Hellborg, Docentgatan 7, Lund, Sweden.

UNDERGRAD sks. unusual work Aug.-Sept. Do anything, go anywhere. Box 9227.

1/2 seats in priv. car, touring holiday in Spain, leaving England July 2, return July 24 (approx.). Share expenses. Box 9004.

CAR seats vacant Italian French Riviera holiday July 2-19. Quiet, friendly, single persons. Share expenses. Box 9260.

CAR Tour from home to S. France—or elsewhere. Brochure. Box 8624.

WIDOW 37, seeks comp. (f) Cont. holiday. First 2 wks. Aug. Share exp. Box 9153.

AUGUST 8-24 (approx.), 2 seats vac. in comf. priv. car to Austria. Driver(s) preferred. Sharing expenses. Box 9164.

SPAIN. Aug. 9-25 approx. Rqd. 2 seats priv. car, share exp. Driver. Box 9172.

GIRL companion, cheerful and energetic, wanted by German girl student, 21, hitch-hiking tour France, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, start about July 15. Box 9249.

CAN anyone offer/recommend cheerful inexpensive base for regular London holidays of public schoolmaster (28)? Box 9015.

BED & brkfst. offd. to lady Left-Winger in return for assistance with children early morning and sitting-in. MAI. 6780.

WHITSUN, Cornwall: Dora Russell offers house party incl. road travel ex London, 8*gns*.; also for St. Ives Festival, June 6, 9*gns*.; summer holidays, family; board at mod. rates for writers, artists, holiday or work; s.a.e. Carn Voel, Porthcurno, nr. Penzance.

PALMA de Majorca, gentleman is taking small private party in August/September. 15 days incl. partly 2nd class travel, only 30*gns*. Write: E. Gruenwald, 133 Sutherland Avenue, London, W.9. (CUN. 0070.)

TENNIS: good average player seeks others N.W. area. Box 9138.

CONGENIAL work sought by 2 students (f) 17, 18, August. Box 9074.

COVENTRY Knight caravan for sale, excellent condition. Write LeSaux, Longrock Garage, Penzance.

DAUGHTER Austrian gr.-school teacher (19) some home & mothercraft training, wishes to spend year helping British family, view perfecting Eng. Refs. exch. Winkler, Graz, Austria, Pfiddemanngasse 7.

IBACH 6ft. Grand. Modern square-legged model. Ebony case. In perfect condition. Wonderful action & tone. £210. Box 9115.

PERSONAL—continued

CONFERENCES or Tours accommodated in Queen Mary College (University of London) Halls of Residence. Places for 65, use of lounges, grounds, etc. Easy access to London; near Epping Forest; available July and August. Terms and information from Warden, "Elmhurst," High Rd., E.18.

SPANISH holidays for good value! At our Spanish parties or individually arranged holidays you will find sunshine, good bathing, cheap wine, a friendly welcome and interesting company. May 23, July 4 and August 29: Tossa, Barcelona, Andorra. June 13 and August 14: Balearic Islands. Erna Low, 47 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911/9225.

PARIS flat. Beautifully situated near Bois de Boulogne. Small and comfortable. To let furnd. July 14-Aug. 3; £35 payable London. Planel, 21 rue Weber, Paris XVI.

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MAN 38, wide interests, sks. companion (m.) fortnight's walking holiday abroad, pref. Germany, during August. Box 9011.

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WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N 3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London.

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FIRST-class piano teacher Professor of the Vienna Academy accepts beginners and advanced pupils. EUS. 3466, ext. 63.

BASIC French, German, Italian, Spanish, from scratch in 14 lessons. Group rates available. Box 8527.

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NEWLANDS, Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea. Country. Every care. Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

SPAIN, Costa Brava, Sitges, 15 days sun. Small mixed party unherded tho' escorted, interested in people and folklore. Send vac. dates Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Sq., W.C.1.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS20), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

WHY drag your luggage through the Channel Customs when you can fly over them? Why worry about "couchettes" when you can sleep comfortably at a Swiss or Austrian hotel? 14 nights: £29-£42 all-in. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11.

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PERSONAL—continued

THE Union of Modern Free Churchmen welcomes to membership all Christian people who are not afraid of new knowledge or free discussion: write The Secretary, 135 Hemdean Rd., Caversham, Reading.

UNDERGRAD. (Edin.) f., wishes vac. job July, anywhere. Suggestions. Box 9247.

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WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½*d*. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

YOUR Holiday problem solved? Just back from France and Italy after seeking good pension accommodation, I can thoroughly recommend Alassio, San Remo, Nice and Juan les Pins. You'll spend most of the day on the beach, so why pay for expensive hotels? Good food, comfortable rooms and a native atmosphere is offered on our special parties to these resorts. 15-day all-inclusive holidays 37*gns*. by rail, 47*gns*. by air, and No High Season Charges. Write for leaflet to Mr. N. Sosner, 51 High Holborn, W.C.1. CHA. 4627.

GREECE. 18-day holiday, based on Corfu, to Athens, Delphi, Epidaurus, Mycenae, Nauplia, Corinth. Completely inclusive cost: £47 3s. 6*d*. (or 25 days for £52 3s. 6*d*.). An evening and night in Paris en route and a day in Venice. Also holidays in Piombino (Italy), Elba, Rome and Yugo-Slavia. Water ski-ing and undersea fishing equipment and instruction free. Club Mediterranee, 66 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. Tel. Holborn 4846.

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STUDENT Travel Summer, 1953—giving details of tours with N.U.S. to the Continent, and of charter flights to Bâle, Barcelona, Copenhagen, Nice, Oslo and Paris, is now available from the National Union of Students, Travel Department (NS), 3 Endsleigh St., London, W.C.1. EUSton 2184.

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FRENCH Riviera. Large priv. house, beautifully placed, nr. Vence, short distance from Nice, Cannes, receives few paying guests. Mod. charge. Box 17, Bureau de Poste, Vence, A.M. France.

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LAST minute Continental travel. Not mass produced but individually arranged. Two or three centre holidays 14 days from £35. One centre holidays Italy, Spain, Switzerland, France, etc. 10 days from £17. Also air, sea, coach bookings. Business & Holiday Travel, Ltd., 111, Grand Bldgs., Trafalgar Sq., W.C.2. Tel.: WHI. 4114 5.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician, attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel.: HOL. 8193).

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

GUITAR tuition. Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Guitar Centre, 12 Little Newport Street, W.C.2. GER. 6457.

PERSONAL—continued

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"THE Art of Seeing."—Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr. Bates, the celebrated American oculist and author of "Good Sight Without Glasses," may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett at 19A Cavendish Sq., W.1 (Langham 3626).

NURSE Ollivier. Colds, Colonic Irrigation, Rheumatism. MAY. 1085.

NERVOUS Tension Relieved by Nerve Manipulation. A relaxing and invigorating treatment, a reintegrating therapy of proved value. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. WELbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

GUITAR lessons. Technique/Theory/Harmony. Few vacs. Chesnakov FLA. 4354.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

DRAMATIC Societies, Managements or Authors can stage Productions or Tryouts at Irving Theatre, Irving St., W.C.2.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Parties. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

EXPANDING Social Organisations, Youth Clubs, Camps, Hostels, Sports Clubs, etc. More members, bigger attendances, call for Extra Sanitation. Elsan Chemical Closet costs little, easy to install. Guaranteed odourless, hygienic. Needs no drains, no running water. Send for Leaflet to Elsan Mfg. Co. (Dept. N.S.2), 51 Clapham Road, London, S.W.9.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. It is still possible to book for the Swiss party to Bretaye, 14 days 23*gns*. —21 days 28*gns*. Depart August 17.

P.P.S. Summer Schools also included in Harold Ingham's programme available from 15 St. John's Road, Harrow.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Co-educational Day School owned and controlled by a Friendly Society of Parents and Staff. K.G. 15*gns*., Junior and Senior Schools 18*gns*. The School has a small group of weekly boarders and there are 2/3 vacancies at present. Boarding charge 25*gns*. p. term in addition to tuition fees.

PINEWOOD, Amwellbury, Herts (Ware 52) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

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ST. Nicholas School, 39 Albyn Place, Aberdeen. A day school for boys and girls 5-15. Directors: John R. Allan, M.A., Mrs. Jean Allan, M.A., John Mackie.

WYCHWOOD Girls' School, Oxford, 10 to University age; small classes; exceptional cultural and musical opportunities, self-governing community. Principals, Miss M. L. Lee, M.A., Miss B. M. Snodgrass, M.A.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls. Clarendon House, 11 & 12 Clifford St., W.1. Regent 2803. Founded 1901.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 1075. Evenings 7.30. Sats. 6 and 8.30. Theatre Workshop. "Lysistrata" adapted by Ewan McColl.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N.1. (Near Islington Town Hall.) 7.30 tonight Fri., May 15 & 16, 22 & 23. Ibsen's "Ghosts." Seats 2s., 3s. 6d. & 5s. Bookable CAN. 5111 after 7.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Last two perfs., Sun. 5 & 8. "The Seagull." Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (EUS. 5391). Last performance Sunday, revue "Turn It Up!" O'Casey plays open May 22, 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d.

NEW Lindsey Th. "In the Lap of the Gods", revue. Tues-Sun. Mems. BAY. 2512.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. Evgs. (ex. Mon), 7.30. Sun. 6.30. International Players present "Black Napoleon," a new play by Peter Munk (May 12 to 24). Mems. 5s. yearly.

IRVING Theatre. Whi. 8657. At 5.45 & 10.30 (Sun. 4.45 & 9.30), no Mondays, a saucy satirical Revue. Membership 5s. yr.

"THE Wonderful Georgian"—a dramatic presentation of Stalin's life. Première, Hampstead Town Hall, Tues., May 19, 8 p.m. Starring Derek Birch, Oliver Burt, Peter Copley, Mark Dignam, Alan Gordon, Betty Linton, Morris Sweden, Rita Webb. Script: Derek Kartun. W.M.A. Singers conducted by Alan Bush, Bulgarian Dancers. Andrew Rothstein speaks on Stalin the Statesman. Admission 2s. Hampstead B.S.F.S.

L.A.T.P.: "Hippolytus," by Euripides; Trans. P. Vellacott. Toynbee Hall Theatre, May 20, 21, 22, 23. Tickets 2s., 3s., 4s., 6s., from 3a Clareville Grove, S.W.7.

CLASSICAL Drama Society, Dalston County Sec. School, Shacklewell Lane, E.8. "Love for Love," by Wm. Congreve. May 15 and 16, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. & 3s.

ERNEST Berk, Peter Ury & Students. Recital of Modern Ballet, Sat., May 23, 7.30. Stanhope Inst., Stanhope St., N.W.1, off Euston Rd. Tkts. fr. Inst., EUS. 6787 or SHE. 4773. 5s., 3s. 6d., res., 2s. 6d. unres.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until May 17: Hildegard Knef in "Film Ohne Titel" (A). From May 18: "All Quiet On The Western Front" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., May 17, 7.30. "Le Voyage en Amerique" (U).

"SEMMELWEIS"—Story of famous Hungarian Physician (London première), also "We Who are Young" (Sheffield Youth Festival). Small Holborn Hall, Saturday, May 16, 7.30. Adm. 2s. 6d. Members and their guests only. New Era Film Society.

SOVIET Colour Films. Scala Theatre, W.1. Tues., May 19, 7.30. "Pattern for Life," "Uzbek Dances." Tkts. 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., 4s., 7s. 6d. Conway Hall, W.C.1. Sat., May 30, 7.30. "Glorious Lake Baikal," "New Stadium," "Soviet Tajikistan," "Kuban Country Fair." Tkts. 1s. 6d., 2s. For both shows cash and s.a.e. with order to Educ. Cttee., British Soviet Friendship Society, 36 Spencer St., E.C.1.

THE brilliant Czech picture "Krakatit" will be shown at the Hungarian Club, 33 Pembridge Sq., W.2, on Sunday, May 17, 8 p.m. for members and friends.

DANCE org. by N.W. London National Assembly of Women, May 16, 7.30-11.30, Lidice House, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. 10s. 6d. including refreshments and attractions.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League C.L.B. Dance, Sat., May 16, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square. Tickets 4s.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall, Friday, May 22, at 8. Harold Holt, Ltd., announces Yehudi Menuhin with Boyd Neel Orchestra. Conductor: Boyd Neel. Concerto in C mai., Vivaldi; Concerto in D mai., Mozart; Sonata (for Violin alone), Bartok; Concerto in A min., Viotti-Kreisler. Tickets at Hall (Wat. 3191) and agents.

ROYAL Festival Hall, Recital Room, in co-operation with the I.C.A. Gallery. May 22, 8.15 p.m. Peter Pears and Mewton Wood. First performance of Songs by Alan Bush, Matyas Seiber, Arthur Oldham, Wilfred Mellers, Robin Orr. Piano works by Alan Bush, Alan Rawsthorne. Tickets: 8s., 5s., Unreserved 2s. 6d. I.C.A. members: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d. Application to Music Section (MUS. 3930 mornings only).

LIEDER Recital, Queen Mary Hall, Wed., May 20, 7.30. Marianne Mislap-Kapper: at the piano Norman Franklin. Seats 6s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., Box Office, Y.W.C.A. Central Club, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Mus. 7512.

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Party, Mon., May 18, Tate Gallery, 8.30-11, to welcome Arts Council Exhibition of Graham Sutherland after its successful Continental Tour. Tkts.: C.A.S., Tate Gallery. Mem. 10s. 6d., guests 13s. 6d. inc. refrshmts.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Coronation Exhibn. Commencing May 19.

STUDIO Exhibition, 53b Clifton Hill, N.W.8. Paintings, Sculpture, Pottery. Hilde Hamann, Paul Hamann, Fritz Krämer, W. H. Nessler, Jan Wieliczko. 2-7 p.m. inc. Sun. until May 25.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

"ARTISTS at Work, from Sketch to Finish": Wilson, Fuseli, Cotman, etc., to Moore and Sutherland. May 13-June 7, Mon.-Fri. 2-6, Sat. & Sun. 12-7. Hampstead Artists Council, Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Lecture on the Exhibition, Wed., May 20, 8 p.m. Denis Mathews, Lawrence Alloway, Frederick Gore.

DRAWINGS from The Witt Collection. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till May 30, Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Adm. free.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W.1. Paintings by Margaret Marks. Until May 27.

WOOD Carvings & Bronzes by Marin Studin. May 12-June 5. Wkdys. 10-5, Thurs. 10-8, Sats. 10-1. Kensington Art Gallery, 15 St. Mary Abbots Ter., W.14.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St. George Street, W.1. The Sculpture of Giacomo Manzu. Until June 5.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. The Tarot, seven cartoons by Rakoczi. Tues.-Sat., 10-5. Sun. 2-5.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Leon Underwood: Sculpture and Paintings—Retrospective Exhibition and New Work.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Portraits by Contemporary British Artists. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30. Closes May 16.

ICA Gallery, 17 Dover Street, W.1. Henry Moore, Drawings. May 21-June 28. Daily 11-6, Sundays 2-6. May 24, Sunday, 25 Monday, 2-6.

IRVING Gall., Irving St., Leics. Sq. Spring Exhibn. Water Colours. Ends June 6.

EXHIBITION: folk art and crafts from Poland at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Daily 11-5.30. Wednesdays till 7. Saturdays 10-1. Adm. free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: XXth Century Form: Painting, Sculpture and Architecture. 11-6, Sun. 2-6. Closed Mons.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, Old Bond Street, W.1. Rodin: Sculptures and Drawings.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Picasso 1900-1935. Daily 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1.

HOUSE & Garden Decoration Centre exhibition—redesigned for summer living with House & Garden Colours. 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

"THE Christian Theme in Contemporary Arts." 45 Park Lane, W.1. May 12-June 18 (Closed June 1, 2 & 3). Weekdays 10 a.m.-10 p.m. Suns. 2 p.m.-10 p.m.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Twelve new paintings by Ceri Richards: Coronation Lithographs: Extension of exhibition by Quizet. Hours 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

THOMAS Churchyard (1798-1865). Paintings at Green and Abbott, 35 St. George Street, W.1. May 18-June 19.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton. State Apartments with Regency furniture. Open daily 10-6, including Sundays.

CHERISHED Possessions: exhibited by people of Finsbury. Arranged by the Finsbury Art Group (Chairman Eric Newton). Finsbury Town Hall, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1 (nr. Sadler's Wells). Tues., May 12, to Sat., May 23. Open daily except Sunday, 12-2.30, 4.30-8. Admission free.

A.I.A., 15 Lisle St., Leicester Square. Pictures to be Enjoyed. (In association with Mrs. Lea Jaray.) Daily 11-6, Sats. inc. Forms available for Battersea Pleasure Gardens Summer Exhibitions.

THE Times Bookshop. An Exhibition of Books—"A Pageant of Monarchy"—showing books on the Kings and Queens of Britain together with landmarks in English Literature and Book Production from 1477–1953. May 20-June 10. 9.30 to 5.30 p.m., Sat. 9.30 to 1 p.m. Write or call for Exhibition Catalogue. Times Bookshop, 42 Wigmore Street, W.1. Tel. WEL. 3781.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"SAGITTARIUS," Dorothea Diz Lawrence (American folk songs), & others will contribute to Shaw Society Miscellany. Fri., May 29, 7 p.m., 7 Albemarle St., W.1. Non-members 2s.

BRAINS Trust—Rumania. Mrs. Marie Pritt, Jack Lindsay, Dr. S. Leff, Jack Greene, Lawrie Moore (Youth Festival Cttee.), Chair: Gabriel. (All visitors to Rumania). Sun., May 17, 20 Pont St., 7.30 p.m. British Rumanian Friendship Assn., 40 Gt. Russell St., W.C.1.

UNION Society of London—Ladies' Night Debate: That this House welcomes the decision of H.M. Government to press forward with the scheme for Central African Federation. Guest speakers: Viscount Hudson and Mr. Dingle Foot. Thurs., May 21, 8 p.m., Niblett Hall, 3 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4. Tickets 3s. 6d. at door.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

HERBERT Morrison and Philip Noel-Baker will speak at the Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1, on Wednesday, May 20, at 7.30 p.m., on the occasion of the publication of "Socialism and Foreign Policy" by Socialist Union. Tickets 2s. from Socialist Union, 7 Carteret Street, S.W.1. WHI. 5894.

KENYA—The Truth. Hear Joseph Murumbi, General Secretary of the Kenya African Union, Fenner Brockway, M.P., and Frank Beswick, M.P., Saturday afternoon, June 20, 1953, at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, commencing 2.45 p.m. Please note change of date and venue. Adm. free, reserved seats 6d.; apply for tickets to London Co-operative Soc., Ltd., Political Cttee., Pioneer House, 348 Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

TO Discuss Christian Action to End Wars in Korea, South East Asia, Africa. Speakers: Canon Harman, John Burns, Rev. Dr. A. D. Belden, Miss Monica Whateley, Rev. R. Mercer Wilson, and Mrs. Liao Hung-Wing. Christian Peace Group, May 26, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall, S.W.1. Free.

"SOVIET Russia Past and Present." Speaker: Mrs. Margarete Buber-Neumann. Chairman: Brig. R. C. Firebrace, C.B.E. Kensington Town Hall (small hall), Monday, May 18, 8 p.m. Admission free.

W. E. Whiteman on "Fiery Tongues: Mysticism in Poetry." Fri., May 22, 8.15. All welc. No coln. London Branch Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2.

A. A. Burall: "True Nature of Artistic Impulse." New Generation Group of Hampstead Ethical Soc., at 1 Hampstead Hill Gdns., nr. Belsize Park Stn., Mon., May 18, at 8.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. May 18, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "James Joyce and the Idea of World Literature," Harry Levin, American critic and authority on James Joyce. Chairman: Professor J. Isaacs. Members 2s., Non-members 3s. May 21, 8.15 p.m. Lecture: "The Contemporary Point of View on the Baroque," by Gillo Dorfles, Italian art critic. Chairman: Dr. J. P. Hodin. Members 2s., Non-members 3s.

CLUB 1943. Tuesday, May 19, 8 o'clock. Ernestine Costa: Berthold Brecht—Scenes and Songs (in German). Guests 2s. 6d. 1 Broadhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society, Wed., May 20, 7.30, at St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. "Socialist Proposals for the Chemical Industry." Bob Edwards (General Sec. of the Chemical Workers' Union). 2s.

DR. E. Graham Howe's Lectures on Vitality. No lecture next Wed., May 20. The Fourth lecture will be on Wed., May 27. Look out for next week's announcement.

"BEYOND Democracy." Week-end study group led by Harold Walsby. Sec Braziers Park under "Lecture Courses, etc."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday mornings at 11 o'clock. May 17. Archibald Robertson, M.A. "The Prospects of Peace." Questions after lecture. Adm. free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m., Friday, May 15. J. B. Coates, "Personalism and Humanism."

THE Buddhist Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture, 6.30 p.m. Wed., May 20: "Kings and Queens," Mr. Christmas Humphreys.

THE "Hyphen." Rev. E. K. Sawady on "Jewish Life in the East End," at Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3, on Sunday, May 17, at 7.30. Members 6d., Friends 1s.

ANY man or woman who has never heard me speak has failed in life. No policy, no party, no panacea, no hope. Bonar Thompson speaks every Friday, 8 p.m., Marlborough Head Hotel, North Audley St., London, W.1 (opposite Selfridges).

SOVIET Colour Film: "Armenia." Lecture, Judith Todd. Thurs., May 21, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s. 6d. (S.C.R. & students 2s.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10; (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30, May 21: "Common Background of Indian Philosophy." May 28: "Six Systems of Indian Philosophy." All welc.

M. L. BURNET: "Black and White in Africa." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2, Sunday, May 17, 11 a.m.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lectures, Sundays, 7 p.m. May 17: "Basic Principles of Theosophy." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Road.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures entitled "Cicero on Himself in his Forensic Speeches" will be given by Professor A. Thierfelder (Mainz) at 5.30 p.m. on May 21 and 28 at University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

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LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of two lectures on "The History of Labour in the Moslem World" will be given by Professor Louis Massignon (Collège de France, Paris) at 5.30 p.m. on May 21 and 22 at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

UNIVERSITY of London. A course of three lectures entitled "On Fact, Fiction and Forecast" will be given by Professor Nelson Goodman (Pennsylvania) at 5.30 p.m. on May 21, 26 and 28 at University College (Anatomy Lecture Theatre), Gower St., W.C.1. Admission free, without ticket.

LONDON University Extension Saturday School "Constable and His Times," May 30, 2.45 p.m., at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Fee 2s. 6d. Applications to Deputy Director (Extension), Department of Extra-Mural Studies, University of London, Senate House, W.C.1.

BRAZIERS Park, Ipsden, Oxon. Week-end Courses June 5-7 "English as a Foreign Language," June 19-21 "Beyond Democracy." Programmes, book-lists: Checkendon 221.

NEWBATTLE Abbey College, Dalkeith, Midlothian. A Residential College for Adult Education. Warden: Edwin Muir, LL.D., Ph.D., Dès L. Courses are offered in the following subjects: English Language and Literature, British and European History, Economic Theory and History, Trade Unionism, Human Relations in Industry, Philosophy, Political Theory, Psychology. Fees: £150 per session; £110 for two terms; £60 for one. Next session begins October 5, 1953. For further details and information regarding L.E.A. scholarships apply to the Warden. Provision is also made for holding short courses in various subjects within the curriculum, and for letting of College to suitable applicants during summer vacation.

SCHOOL of Economics, Dundee. Director of Studies: J. K. Eastham, B.Sc. Econ., F.S.S. Session 1953-54. Courses of study are offered for: B.Sc. Econ. Degree of London University. A four-year course for Honours Degree. General Certificate of Education Advanced Level of London University. A one-year course in Economics, Economic History, Geography and British Constitution. Copies of the Calendar of the School can be obtained from the Secretary, 17 Bell Street, Dundee.

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